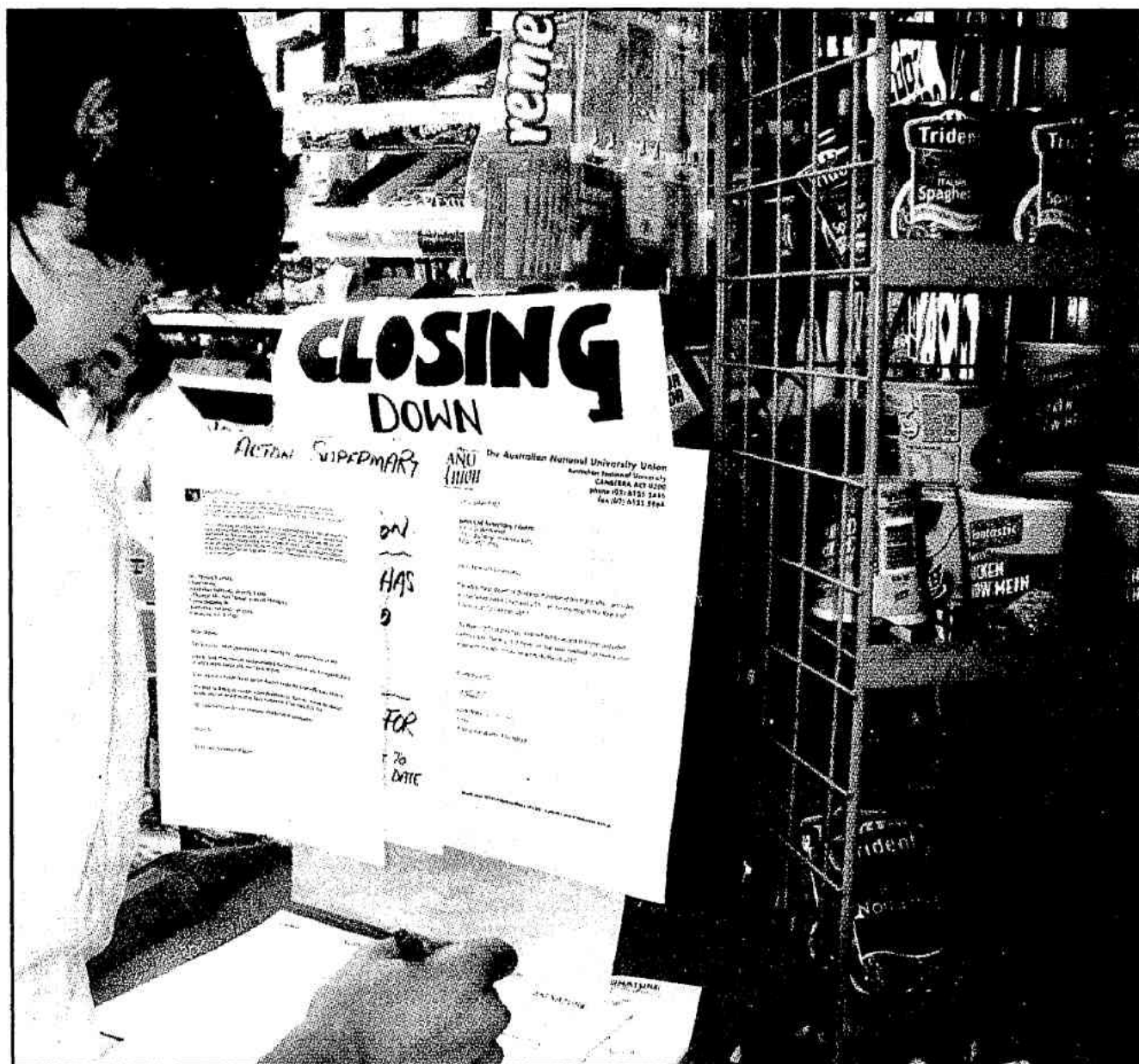


UNION SCHMUCKS TO CLOSE ANU SUPERMARKET



After 15 years of serving ANU students reasonably priced chocolate milk, John and Rosemary, the owners of the Acton Supermarket, have been told that the ANU Union Board will not renew their lease.

The Board has defended the decision arguing that the Union is likely to collapse without serious action. The Acton Supermarket

(the supermarket in the refectory) competes with Union run outlets, particularly in the lucrative drinks market, and has been singled out as the first target for the Board's plan of action.

To support their decision the Board has trumpeted the \$78,518 projected deficit for 2007, despite reports that the actual state of finances for the year is a lot healthier. A former senior

Board member has told *Woroni* that the Union is on track to make a small surplus due to changes made last year and their soon-to-be-confirmed payroll tax exception – worth around \$50,000 per annum.

Mr. Steele has refused to provide *Woroni* a more accurate figure than this ten-month-old >> projection and insists on his right to secrecy.

Features

ANU students are getting busy with ANU staff. How exciting! **PAGE 8**

Russian youth are being sent to lo' ve camps to mate furiously **PAGE 12**

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Federal election '07

The election has been called, and Rudd awaits his ascendancy... **PAGE 18**

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Salsa

An instructive guide to Canberra's food and wine scene **PAGE 30**

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A slightly longer short story filled with blood, zombies and generous cleavage **PAGE 40**

Woroni is the official publication of the ANU Students' Association and is one of the ANU's premiere student tabloids (it's comfortably in the top three). Opinions are not necessarily those of the editors or ANUSA.

Union closes in on Refectory supermarket

« The reaction to the decision has been almost uniformly hostile. Business owners in the refectory are concerned that students are likely to be driven to the nearby I.G.A, draining their business away and further hurting the Union's bottom line; students fear the price increases that will surely follow as the retail environment becomes even less competitive; and ANUSA President Claudia Newmann-Martin has raised concerns, as the supermarket has always been more supportive of students than Union run outlets, offering deals to clubs and societies for events and in-kind sponsorship to ANUSA itself.

The Board has attempted to quell student outrage by promising a Union run supermarket in the news agency – the details are vague – while renting out the space presently occupied by the Acton Supermarket to the highest bidder.

Mr. Steel claims that once the supermarket is in Union hands the range of goods will increase, opening hours will be extended, and prices will not go up – although he concedes that the present Board cannot guarantee this.

Few are convinced.

"If the prices of a Union run supermarket are the same, won't that defeat the entire point of the takeover? Won't the other retailers will still

be undercut?" asked second-year economics student Gary Chan. "The move seems to only make sense if the price rises do happen."

The Union's appalling record at business management when compared to privately owned businesses on campus has further harmed their credibility.

"Does anyone at ANU prefer Pajenkas to Degree?" said a source who wished to remain nameless. "If anything they should be reducing the number of Union run businesses and instead be encouraging private ownership."

While the Board is under an enormous amount of pressure to reverse the decision it appears unmoved. A Union Board AGM (with well over 100 students in attendance, the highest ever turnout) passed motions demanding the Acton Supermarket be retained and recommended that if it is replaced a private operator be allowed to run it. A motion of no confidence in the Board was also passed. Both moves appeared to do little to change the mind of the Board members. The burgeoning facebook group formed to oppose the move has, so far, been similarly ineffective.

"Perhaps we could have sold this better," noted Chairman Chris when asked by *Woroni* to comment on the hostile reaction.

No shit, Chris.

BIG DADDY CHUBB GETS FIVE MORE YEARS

Lovers of rotundity and wise leadership in tertiary affairs are in high spirits with the news that Ian Chubb, the ANU's Vice-chancellor, will continue in his role for another five years.

The university's council unanimously agreed to extend Professor Chubb's contract until 2012.

Chancellor Allan Hawke says Professor Chubb is the best person to lead the ANU forward.

"He's got a very clear vision of where the ANU needs to go over the next five to seven years and basically the council thinks there's nobody better placed to provide that stewardship than our own vice-chancellor Ian Chubb," he said.

Although never asked for their opinion the *Woroni* team endorse the decision.

"He's a good looking guy, and in this cut throat industry (student media) that's important," they commented.

Congratulations Professor Chubb.

SMUG OLD PEOPLE RUIN ANOTHER PUBLIC LECTURE



The recent GetUp! forum hosted at the ANU has confirmed the long-suspected correlation between asking questions at public lectures and being a smug fuck.

The forum, held in Week 11, began with Senators Gary Humphries and Kate Lundy, and would-be Senator Kerrie Tucker, answering a series of questions they had been given in advance. It was then opened to the audience.

The first questioner – some old American lady in funny pants – began things with a long (five, ten minutes?) monologue on the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, paying no heed to audience sighs, jeers, and shouts of 'what's the question?' After some stern words from the nights MC the lady fashioned her waffle into a question – only to be answered by all three candidates with variations of 'I'm not qualified to answer.' Lady, do not show your face on our campus again.

The second questioner – a second

wrong-side-of-fifty aged lady, who heads the ACT branch of Friends of the ABC and Muffin Enthusiasts or similar – also struggled with the posing-a-question part of question time.

She invited the audience to stroll with her through the history of the Howard government's relationship with the ABC. For a full five minutes she hobbled. Mutterings of, 'for fuck's sake' were not infrequent and, again, intervention by the increasingly agitated MC was required to help fashion a question.

The third questioner demonstrated that middle-aged men can be just as infuriating as their female colleagues and followed the established precedent – he postured, he ranted, he was very nearly attacked.

It was only with the fourth questioner that a question was posed within a minute. The young lady, an ANU student, was cheered for her concise question on emissions targets.

VOTING IN THE ACT: THE TWO DOLLAR VOTE

Been a bit of a lazy citizen these last three years? Not sure who's standing for what? Relax. If you're voting in either the electorate of Fraser (Canberra north of the lake) or Canberra (Canberra south of the lake) you only have to make two decisions – and one of them hardly matters.

Canberra and Fraser are two of the safest Labor House of Representative seats in the country. Beyond the two dollars of Australian Electoral Funding that your

first preference will receive, your vote won't change a thing. (Although a two-dollar donation to the Australian Democrats – the paupers of federal politics – perhaps is no petty sum.) Whether you prefer the Coalition's tax policy to Labor's or Kevin's tie selection to John's, changing your vote won't matter. It will be lost in the already guaranteed Labor majority.

But don't get glum: being an ACT voter isn't all emasculating. How you vote in the

Senate is important. The ACT's second Senate seat is one of the country's most marginal, so as well as choosing who will receive your other two dollars of public funding, your Senate vote will help decide who will rule the House of Review. Labor's Kate Lundy is assured the first Senate seat in this the home of the APS, which leaves the Liberal's Gary Humphries and the Green's Kerry Tucker fighting for the second. Choose wisely.

THE FLUFF HAS FALLEN!

Library attendance is at record levels for the year, coffee is being consumed in heart-frazzling quantities, and Burgmann resident Larry Thompson has for the third consecutive night woken his college neighbours with panicked screams of, 'MY GOD! IT'S HAPPENING!!!'

2007's fluff has fallen.

For the last twenty years – since the maturation of the Weeping Higan cherry trees that produce it – the falling of the fluff has forewarned the beginning of exams. For some the snow-like pollen hints at the coming summer and its carefree nights, while for most the fuzzy detritus is nature's way of saying 'suck my balls! It's exam time.'

From week eight on experienced university goers had predicted the fall.

'It's late in the year, it's been windy – I reasoned it was coming soon,' said chemistry major Jess.

Woroni wishes all ANU students the best of luck in the upcoming examination period while being aware that luck plays no part in examination performance. Kiddies, you're on your own.

Get to a library and stop reading this rubbish!



The final issue *Woroni* crew

Editor – Will Glasgow

Design, layout and website editor – Anthony Mannering

Photography – Nathan Webster

Sub-editors – Tom Spira, Megan McKeough

Others involved – Jancis Cunliffe, Pete Davis, Sally Forbes

Woroni is the official publication of the ANU Students' Association.

Opinions are not necessarily those of the editors or of ANUSA.

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ANUSA, Student Facilities Building 17 ANU ACT 0200

CLAUDIA

Some final words from 2007's Students' Association President

I am a mere thirty-nine days from finishing my term as President, meaning that this is the last piece I will write for *Woroni* before finishing. Ironically, it is both the easiest and the most difficult piece that I have written all year. Easy in the sense that I have some very exciting news to report. Over the past few months, we have made substantial progress in a number of areas in which we have been focused all year.

1. CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

Two weeks ago we managed to secure university funding for clubs and societies. When the university made an agreement to fund core areas of ANUSA's operation in 2005 and 2006, clubs and societies were not considered to be essential to the services provided by ANUSA. This year I have consistently discussed the effects of VSU upon clubs and societies with the Vice Chancellor as well as with the committee that decides how university funds are distributed between student organizations. I know that the budget decrease from \$90,000 pre VSU to \$40,000 (provided through sponsorship) this year has had a very negative impact on the ability of clubs to organize events, send students to conferences and competitions and generally increase a sense of university community.

Fortunately, as of next year, the university has agreed to consider clubs and societies as a key area of ANUSA's operation, deserving of university funds. Simultaneously, an extra \$100,000 will be available to be divided between ANUSA and PARSA. We will be putting in a bid for a substantial amount of this \$100,000 to cover the \$90,000 shortfall created by VSU. It is my sincere hope that as of next year clubs and societies will return to their pre VSU level of financial strength. I would also like to take this opportunity to thank all of the students who contribute to clubs and societies either on committees or by participating in activities and events. Clubs and societies truly are the heart of university life and they are what make university about more than just academic pursuits.

2. LAPTOP LEASING

Anna Verney and I have been working with the Pro Vice Chancellor, Robin Stanton, to implement a laptop leasing scheme for next year. After discussions with the



Chief Financial Officer, it has been deemed viable for the university to act as guarantor so that students can lease a laptop at approximately 7% interest. This means that you will be able to get a brand new laptop from the university, and pay for the cost of that laptop in weekly installments. It is my firm belief that a laptop is an essential educational tool at university, and the university is recognizing this to be true by guaranteeing that an inability to pay is not barrier to laptop ownership.

3. RENOVATION OF ANUSA

The final piece of exciting news that I have to share is that the university has budgeted for a renovation to ANUSA so that we can have a proper common room for students, as well as more accessible and user-friendly office space. I am in the process of drawing up plans with the architect, so if you would like to have a peek or have any ideas, please let me know.

Although it wasn't possible to achieve everything I wanted this year, I think that the university has a good

understanding of our needs and concerns. Parking is still a problem, but the university has undertaken to provide more carparking space with every new building, rather than taking that space away. Many lectures remain unrecorded, but for the first time ever, the University Education Committee discussed this issue as an agenda item, and will now investigate it further at a College level.

If you can bear with me getting a little sentimental, there are some very important realisations I have come to throughout the year.

The first is this: people really care about what students have to say. The community cares about our thoughts on issues affecting us and the society in which we live. I often feel as though I am biding my time at university, spending a few years gathering knowledge and expertise so that I can later contribute to society

This year I have realized that university students are already well enough equipped to contribute. We are all in the middle, or at the end, of gaining qualifications from the best university in one of the best countries in the world. We have an education, and an awareness, that we can really use as a powerful force for good, and we can begin using that force right now.

The final thing I want to say is how important I think student unions are for the continued survival of university life. Student unions not only give students a voice on important issues, but they support students when students most need that support. The most rewarding things ANUSA has done this

year is not fight for more parking, or argue for lecture taping, or even get clubs and societies funded. The most important thing ANUSA has done is just provide students with a safety net for when things go wrong – free legal or welfare advice, advocacy, assistance with university appeals, and friendship and understanding in times of crisis. And that's invaluable.

It has been a pleasure being President this year, and I hope that I have served you well. I couldn't have done it without the help of some amazing people, though, and to them I am truly thankful. Thank you to Anna, the most outstanding, brilliant, intelligent and kind Vice President anyone could ever have asked for. Thanks to Shobaz, our ever loyal, hardworking, and fiscally responsible Treasurer; the very organized and media savvy Des; and the fun and light hearted Helen. Thanks to the team of ANUSA representatives who helped out at every BBQ, with every submission, with the provision of constant ideas and for keeping us on track (and honest) all year. A big thanks to the *Woroni* team for an outstanding publication, for being a pleasure to work with and for those great weekend and after hours chats! Finally, a big thanks to my family and friends for putting up with grumpy and stressed Claudia for close to 12 months, for helping me out with essays which were due three days ago, for dedicating a lot of your time to my personal commitments, and for still loving me at the end of it all.

Best of luck in the future, and particularly to the ANUSA O8 team.

bye bye!

When you graduate you won't have access to ANU information services

BEFORE YOU GO:

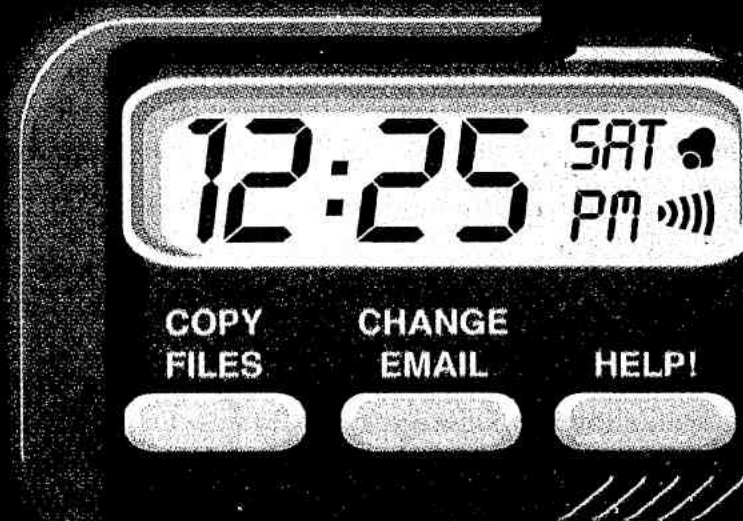
Make copies of your files

Your user account expires once you leave, which means that you won't be able to access the files stored in your ANU Home Folder. For help, see the AskANU consultants in Chifley.

Set up an Alumni Email Account

Your student email account also expires when you leave. In its place you can set up an Alumni email account, from which you can continue to receive and send email.

To set up your Alumni account, email your UniID to Alumni@anu.edu.au



DEAR WORONI

STUDENT DIARY COVER

Dear *Woroni*,

As this year is coming to a close, I think it's about time I air my grievances. Let's start at the top of the list - the 2007 Student Diary cover. It's ugly. Really ugly. It is the Mick Jagger of student diaries.

Of course, I completely respect the (cough) effort that goes into designing the diary cover by the ANU Students' Association, but honestly - flames? Gold and pastel-blue writing? I know they've tried to impress me by rotating the cover text by ninety degrees (woah, steady boys) but I can't help feeling that in 2008, the diary needs some serious aesthetic charm.

Could you get somebody at *Woroni* to try their luck at next year's cover? I have to look at it every day when I'm recording deadlines and noting down people's names so I can add them on Facebook later.

Sincerely,
Angry Andy

(Ed - the incoming Student Diary Editor, Kevin Kim, promises 'that kind of atrocity will not happen under my watch.' We'll see.)

TULLY RESPONDS

Dear *Woroni*,

I wouldn't usually take the time to respond to poorly-informed vitriol such as that written in the latest edition by Harold Lehmann (an erstwhile but unsuccessful B&G Residents' Association presidential candidate) but as he makes a number of accusations about me on a personal level I am making an exception. His particular complaints were:

- that I wrote a partisan political article and that my article was an annotated version of an essay I'd submitted for a politics subject;
- that *Woroni* next year will be a 'seriously boring pile of crap';
- that I 'forsook students' by resigning as Education Officer earlier this year to work in politics; and
- that our opponents for *Woroni* should have run a 'hate campaign ... justifiably propounding [my] lack of credibility and ineptness at representing students'.

First, I never pretended that I wasn't writing a partisan political article (which certainly had no relation to any work I've ever handed in) and *Woroni* has always run partisan opinion pieces. Mr Lehmann may not like or agree with my opinions, but does that entitle him to write a letter directly attacking me - and not my views? If Mr Lehmann thinks *Woroni* 2008 will be partisan or boring, he's wrong. Not only do Robert Wiblin (my fellow editor-elect) and I have seriously divergent philosophical and political views, we have already made a conscious effort to approach potential opinion writers from all parts of the spectrum. As per our election platform, we will print high quality ANU-based news, entertainment and information. If that's a 'seriously boring pile of crap' then Mr Lehmann must be seriously hard to entertain. If Mr Lehmann or others want to be entertained by slander and gossip then too bad - we stood against that and we're keeping our word.

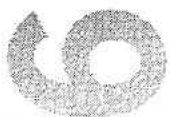
I resigned as Education Officer because I was offered a hard-to-come-by job in a law firm and I couldn't refuse. I felt that to remain in the office would be

worse than making way for someone with the time to do a proper job. Like most students I require an income to survive and I wasn't receiving the Independent Youth Allowance. Now that I receive the Allowance, I am free to engage in volunteer work in our community without the need to spend more time at work than I do at university. Mr Lehmann should get his facts straight before he starts character-assassinating his peers.

In terms of my experience at representing students I have been, in my time at ANU, a Councillor of the Australian Law Students' Association, the Law Students' Society Vice-President (Education), an elected Student Representative on the Burgmann College Council, a member of the College of Law Undergraduate Studies Committee and Advisory Board and a regular commentator on ABC Radio Victoria on politics, rural affairs and the issues affecting young people. I've always sacrificed my time for my peers, our community and our interests. The position of ANUSA Education Officer is the first significant community role I've ever resigned from, and I hope never to be in a situation where I ever have to again.

I'm glad our opponents for *Woroni* were sensible and mature enough not to run a 'hate campaign' and I'm glad (as I'm sure many readers will be) that someone with an attitude like that was never voted in as B&G Residents' Association President. I'm proud of my record as a student representative and I will fulfil my duties as a *Woroni* editor for 2008 with enthusiasm and commitment.

- Tully Fletcher



newworoni.

Woroni wants you!

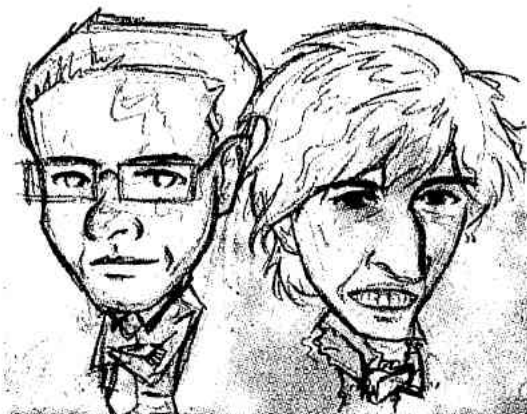
Do you want to write or edit for *Woroni* in 2008? We're recruiting now!

Tully Fletcher & Robert Wiblin
Editors-Elect

During the election we promised we'd bring you A New *Woroni* - a fortnightly student newspaper with higher standards of journalism and broader coverage of the ANU community.

Now we're working hard to deliver on that promise and we've been busy building the team of writers and sub-editors who'll help us deliver our informative and entertaining coverage of campus life, events, politics, issues, culture, sports, achievements and controversies.

We've been overwhelmed with the interest so far - even students currently on exchange have been in touch to offer their time and wordsmithery. We've



now opened the formal application process for the staff writing positions we've created and we're on the lookout for four more sub-editors to join our nine member editorial team.

The perks of working with *Woroni* in 2008 will easily outweigh the burden of deadlines and regular meetings: you'll receive a by-line, frequent

training sessions with journalists and media experts, modest reimbursement for your writing (at \$5 per hundred words) and an invaluable team and networking experience at the heart of the ANU community.

To apply for any of the positions outlined below simply send a brief cover letter outlining the position you want and why you'd be good at it, your CV (no intimate details required) and an example of your writing to robertwiblin@gmail.com by the start of the examination period (31 October).

If you'd like to write freelance then register your area of interest and your contact details at u4219440@anu.edu.au. There's an opportunity for everyone in the new *Woroni*!

2008 Staff - Positions Still Vacant

Science & Tech Editor
Online Editor
Opinion Editor
Sports Editor
Research Writer
Technology Writer
Health Writer
Arts Writer
ANUSA Correspondent
University Correspondent

Cartoonist
Satirist
Senior Columnists (3)
Website Manager
Bloggers (2)
Mens' Sports Writer
Womens' Sports Writer
Clubs & Societies Correspondent
Events Diarist
Halls & Colleges Correspondent

Apply now!

Email a brief cover letter, CV and writing example to robertwiblin@gmail.com by 31 October.

Business savvy?

We're looking for a keen individual to become the 2008 *Woroni* Advertising Manager.

Ideally this role would suit an outgoing and experienced Commerce student (preferably with a Marketing major) but we'll accept anyone with enough enthusiasm. The successful applicant will assist the editors to meet their advertising budget by building and managing relationships with prospective and current advertisers.

He/she will need to have a few hours of spare time each week and must be in Canberra over the coming summer. A small commission is involved.

Interested? Call **0433 956 664** before exams.

WORONI

TO FUCK THE FACULTY?

What happens when you fall in love with one of your teachers and the feeling is mutual? L.C GAINSBURG inquires into the saucy world of student-staff affairs.

At sixteen, just before commencing my first year of undergraduate studies at the ANU, a friend and I toasted the prospect of "getting to know members of the Faculty [of Law]" – with the obvious implication of begetting a knowledge altogether different from that prescribed in any rudimentary text book. We were fed, in college, a diet of teacher/student fantasies (owing to a very adorable clutch of English teachers.) Anyhow, while at uni, carnal knowledge of any kind never came to fruition. I have never had an affair (torrid or not) with a member of staff. Nor do I have any designs or crushes to this effect (though I still have that bevy of admirable instructors). After some discussion with some friends about what it might be like to skulk around with a dirty "I'm screwing the lecturer" secret, I realised that I expected more of my relationships than clandestine little trysts with someone in a position of authority. I'd crave honesty, perhaps more integrity, but above all, openness. Who of the ANU staff would feel comfortable parading around with me on his or her arm? Certainly not the Vice Chancellor. But enough about me. The real question is what happens when a university relationship develops and it is not with a peer? What happens when you really do fall in love with one of your teachers, and the feeling is mutual? Or what if you're propositioned by your gay tutor who starts to send you dildos in the mail?

Let us forget about the issue of teacher/student relationships in a high school or college setting. This field is riddled with difficulties, especially when it inevitably involves sexual activities with a minor. It is different at university – we are, with very few exceptions, all of the consenting age. But if you're considering moving in with your sixty-eight year old professor and you've just celebrated your eighteenth, are there still social taboos and complicating issues?

One ANU graduate told me of his previous relationship over a number of years with a female tutor of his. At commencement, he was twenty and she was twenty-four. Was it love at first sight? "There was definite sexual attraction, sure." And how did this come to be consummated? "Over a number of months, from spending time together after tutes with the excuse of discussing course material, and then to more social outings." The situation was unique. She was an exotic beauty from the Mediterranean, who, at twenty-four and still virginal, was swiftly swept off her feet. "It was a new experience for her – her first serious relationship, her first sexual encounter – and all with one of her students. She was hesitant, because she was concerned with her professional obligations, and so it took a while for both of us to feel comfortable about what we were doing."

But the reality was "we were in love – it would have been inexplicable for us not to have risked offending propriety". This is one example of a successful relationship – conducted by adults who, with a very slim age difference, were able to navigate the difficult terrain of teacher/student relations to come to an attractive compromise. The student chose to avoid having his partner as his tutor where he could. Where he couldn't (for example, when taking compulsory subjects), he maintained a requisite degree of separation. "I was her student, and also her lover – but these were compartmentalised. I studied without consulting her except in the most routine manner, as if I had been just a student, and our relationship never came to the tutorial room – that's it." Aren't you a bit miffed to read this? There is nothing scandalous in this retelling.

On the contrary, it is rather touching. And if you think about it, it is just like meeting someone at work. Certain precautions must be taken if you want to strike that happy medium between workplace etiquette and personal fulfilment, but I guess you can make it work. Just so long as there is never that double standard...

Double standards unfurled in leaps & bounds however in this next expose. Twenty-two year old female student (stunning, by the way) and fifty-seven year old male professor. Faculty withheld. It is the proverbial tale – he came on to her (or so she said) and a relationship blossomed. In retrospect, the woman involved remarked that the whole thing was “based upon inequalities”. He was her elder, her superior, and all too patriarchal. “He made all my decisions for me – not just about university, but about my life more generally – he would instruct my reading, buy my cosmetics and even impose certain limitations on what I could and couldn’t wear.” It was an exciting time, but only for a short while. “I wasn’t an idiot, I felt like I was in control, but I felt like something wasn’t quite right – the only way I can speak of it is as a power imbalance and he made me feel fragile.”

The relationship ended in a timely manner – just after mid-semester exams and she says she felt in no way that her marks were compromised or unfairly advantaged. “One thing he made sure I understood was that just because he was a professor, did not mean he could use his influence to my benefit – papers are often cross-checked and he could not be seen to be acting in my favour.” I suggested this middle-aged man sounded ever so reasonable. “Ah, well, perhaps you could say that on paper he was, but the eight months I was involved with him weren’t my happiest or my most productive.” Why ever not? “I was sexually involved with someone who I cared about, but sometimes felt manipulated by, and in utter secrecy – I was stressed, anxious, did not spend

much time studying and was always worried I would bump into him on campus. It was a huge drain.” But wasn’t she in love? “Yeah, at the time, probably – I loved the attention. But when it ended I felt a bit used – not in an abusive way, and he was always kind, but I realised that there was no future. Was he seriously going to leave his marriage, forget about his family and build a future with me? Very unlikely. So he was in it for the thrill, the physical companionship, but he had his home, and all his emotional ties, with his family. I felt adored by him, but in hindsight, it didn’t really mean much.” She concluded, reflectively, “It made me uneasy, sleeping with someone so much older, but I was too caught up in it at the time to recognise my feelings of apprehension.”

In another Faculty (though we call them ‘Colleges’ now, don’t we?), a student told, albeit briefly, about a sexual relationship with a lecturer who also doubled as a tutor. “We screwed around for a while. I got a D. I’m normally a pass student.” How typical, I thought, though she was quick in her justification. “Sleeping with my lecturer actually prompted me to stop arsing around. I wanted to impress him. He helped me a lot with the course, and I worked hard because of this.” Funny, I never thought that sleeping with my teacher would inspire me to perform better academically. Perhaps this might be something to consider as the ANU unfurls its ‘flexible learning’ initiative. Flexible in more ways than one, hey? When I asked this particular young lady the extent of the ‘help’ she was given with her course work, she blushed (yes, a real ruby blush) and declined to comment. I wondered whether she ever had anything written on her behalf... “No, not really, we used to write things together, combining ideas, he’d get me thinking, but I’d do the writing”. Was it like dictation? “What do you mean by ‘dictation’ exactly?” was the reply I received. You’ll resent me for the



honey bunch, but there is something custard-like about you. Pity the rendezvous didn't last beyond your first D. It might have done you some good.

On this scathing note, I hear the collective cry of a group of girls who were absolutely dying to have their stories heard – “what about us?” Well my dears, your silly descriptions of what you suppose a campus love affair to be are unbelievable, at best, and obviously imitative. No prominent sub-dean would regularly take you to lunch at Vivaldi's and gaze longingly at you over the table, pour you wine and kiss you openly. This is not an exercise in discretion and if an affair is conducted, discretion is key (what would the academic community think, after all?) Likewise, Mr. Regular-Joe (also a Prof.) would not abandon his Doctor wife to support a student who relies on Centrelink payments. As for those first years (you know who you are) – I urge you to consider how unimpressive you sound when you boast about trysts in university toilet cubicles (fulfilling sex should take longer than four minutes – and a PhD should know this).

A couple of these girls (intolerable spring chickens of the worst kind) came forward with their stories about their romps, but I found them stilted and obviously trite. I simply did not believe many of their stories. Sour, impressionable first years - so you might think you're sexy, and you might think it's cool telling your story with the view to getting into Woroni, but it's a tad pathetic. I don't believe that Mr. Well-Known Such-and-Such would ever have wanted to, or ever actually did, get into your pants. Mr. Sub-Dean does not take you to Milk & Honey (do you really think that place cuts it with anyone anymore?) You're hoop-eared and bitten-nailed for crying out aloud. Not even apprentices in the art of seduction. Read books, make yourselves clever, lounge decadently at Boffins during the lunch hour and allude to the discovery of luxurious Zimmerli cotton if someone unties your Tea Rose wrap dress. Then maybe you will succeed in tempting one of the ANU's visiting, or resident, scholars. But it is harder, and less glamorous, than you probably think. And to be honest, not all that chic. Why preoccupy yourself with the elder gent or lady when it is youth, sheer youth that is the real gem to hunt for? (I use Karl Lagerfeld's phrase).

Speaking of gems, alas, no one came forward with enticing tales of sex swapped for exam questions and answers or anything of the like. No, at the ANU we're distinct from Beijing's Jiaotong University where numerous professors have allegedly made a habit of doing just this – sex for handwritten essays. I would have thought writing the essay was the easy end of the stick. The joy of collating words in comparison to the banality of banging Mr. Badger? There simply isn't one.

While sinister tales tallied in at more or less nil, I do suspect there is a dark side to what seems to be harmless, if rather daring liaisons with members of the faculty'. Innumerable cases overseas point to sexual assault, emotional abuse and horrendously bad behaviour. The creepiest thing I heard was from a guy in his last year, here at the ANU, who has a bit of a tryst with his male tutor. “There was nothing that concerned me about it, we just chatted

and ended up hanging out a lot – but then he started to demand where I lived and if he could visit me there, he asked me to help him grade papers, he was obsessive.” How did this student deal with the unwanted attention? “I wasn't sure how far it would go... we never slept together as I found him too intense, too compulsive, and even when I told him to cool things off, the attention was obscene. I changed tutorials, ended up dropping the course just before the census date and thought about a restraining order. He was sending me messages and cards once or twice per day – and even one time, among other perverse items, a box of cock rings.” Just imagine receiving cock rings in your letterbox? But otherwise, what kind of tutor was he? “Brilliant, but shaky, you know? Creepy, brilliant

“He was sending me messages and cards once or twice per day – and even one time, among other perverse items, a box of cock rings.”

guy. But fucking weird.” Did he learn to back off in the end? “Yeah, I got freaked out after he send some pretty screwed up gifts and letters and applied for a personal protection order. He was served with some kind of notice, but the court wouldn't serve one beyond a month-long interim order because I didn't really have, in their eyes, much cause. But it scared him away, haven't seen him since, not even on campus.” Did he report it to the ANU? “Hell no. I went to the court. I felt it was simpler, and better, that way. It certainly got him off my case.” Lucky.

At any rate, this piece is not meant to dictate any style of conducting one's personal affairs, and, to be honest, students are so secretive when it comes to any experience they've had with staff so I cannot give any accurate statistics. But really, come on! If you're contemplating true love with your Honours supervisor, think beyond the intellectual affinity. Very rarely (it seems), do these kinds of relationships allow each party to stand on equal ground. If one of you is male and the other female, then there is a start. If the age difference is over five years (give or take), then there might be another. Throw in disproportionate incomes and hugely different life experiences and things do get tricky. Not to mention the fact that you're taking a really demanding compulsory unit and you are desperate (read: absolutely desperate) to pass. Giving (or getting) a blow-job might never have sounded so good. But if you're tempted, I really hope you get blown off.

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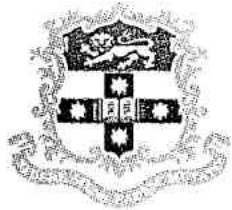
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DEATH OF THE BIRTH MACHINES?

By TOM SWANN

Modern, affluent humanity is suicidal.

No, I'm not lamenting the inexorable Systems of Material Progress we erected upon our finite planet; nor am I pointing to the thousands of nukes still quivering on hair trigger alert. Both terrifyingly depressing, of course, but this is not a diatribe about either. Not a diatribe at all, because I'm not worried: it is just so interesting that human beings, in almost every developed country the world over, are now under-breeding.

Well, I think it's interesting.

The planet may still be overcrowding, but the issue no longer has the teeth it once did. In most countries, rich people have more kids than poorer people, while most rich countries have fewer children per parental unit than poorer countries (Wikipedia, 2007; Google, 2007. All facts, erroneous or otherwise, from these sources. If you care, go check!). As material wealth increases, fertility decreases. What is going on?

It's called the Demographic Transition, a global decline in fertility that started in late 18th century France and spread out with the rest of the techno-socio-economic colonisation of modernity. And,

for all we can tell, is happening over and over: fertility in many developing countries is dropping even faster than it did in Europe. But what causes the transition?

Biologically thinking, the phenomenon is seriously weird. Think about it: animals that reproduce less get selected against. But now humans, in apparently the best of conditions, reproduce less. Two biological explanations can be made. First: a trade off between quality and quantity of offspring. What a lovely way to think about children. Second: when mortality decreases, as it does with increased affluence (longer lives; alas, everyone still dies), then there are more people around, so it becomes important to reproduce less, lest resources must be spread too thinly.

But there lies a bigger paradox: in fact, almost the entire developed world is now well below replacement level. For the technically inclined reader (chances by ANU studentship: high; chances by Woroni readership: perhaps lower) 'replacement level' denotes a fertility rate, the average number of children that must be born to each woman in a population such that the population doesn't change. It varies with lots

of factors, especially with how many kids die before sexual maturity. In the modern West, replacement is around 2.1; but, as I say, actual fertility is lower. Hence my drama of societal suicide.

Australian women have, or are projected have, around 1.75 kids each. Some have lots, but an increasing number have none, and are proud of it. Some even say they are obliged not to have kids. Fertility has edged up recently (baby bonus, anyone?), but has been far below replacement for decades. Our population is growing, thanks to our adequately small immigration rates. But as breeders, Australians are doing an OK good job. Italy and Spain, great Catholic countries that they are, have the lowest fertility rates, around 1.1, 1.2 respectively. Both are experiencing net population decrease.

What's going on here? Contraception? But humans have always had means of birth control. Pills and condoms are really better means to old ends, taken to new extremes. At bottom, the explanation must be social and cultural. Kids are a hassle? Kids are now expensive to raise? Kids won't 'pay off' as soon? Kids won't 'pay off' at all? Jobs? Having money is fun? Families aren't? Feminism? Homosexuality? Leaving it too late? Not finding the right partner? Being too picky? Again, no doubt, they all contributed to the ongoing transition. Essentially: modern affluence made priorities change. Or changed priorities made modernity?

The exception proving the rule is that in some groups, priorities changed in the other direction. The Christian sects of Bible Belt USA have the highest fertility, probably ever. The American Hutterite woman has throughout her fertile life on average 14 children. (! Ouch?) Based on such internal complexities, the US population will still be increasing and electing idiots by 2050, when much of the rest of the world, China included though India excluded, will be on the downward slope.

But don't we need less people on the planet? Wouldn't hurt. Of course the world maximum is many many decades off. I have trouble imagining humans being around at that point, but that's just

my cheery outlook. But if we do get there, breeding will almost certainly be a massive political issue. In fact, the downward trend is a massive problem right now.

Our renegade under-breeding should upset the Economy and State

The State has set up a 'LoveCamps', a program where youths are taken away for a week, treated to happening song and dance spectacles, then paired off sexwise and encouraged to mate furiously.

for lots of reasons. Most obviously: less people to buy things, less people to pay taxes (and fight wars?). But the most immediate issues combine under-breeding with our ever longer lives: population Aging. Less people paying taxes to support more people in older age; or the same logic economic: more people consuming and not producing with less people to produce for them. These strains on the system will be a massive issue for our generation.

On the plus side, the job market should be a little more spacious. Especially in aged care. That is, if we the taxpayers, or they the aged consumers, or we ourselves when we get there, can pay for it. We

should be superannuating like crazy! Will there be a push towards the re-aggregation of the extended family unit? Or resignation to bleakness? A substantial raft of issues to deal with, at any rate.

Can't the rich countries just increase immigration from poor countries for the time being? The Federal Government, barely-closeted xenophobia and 'integration issues' aside, surely realises the important fact that immigration will only help up to a point. First, immigrants tend to have fertility rates comparable to those of their new nation. Furthermore, immigrants add to the population halfway up the age pyramid, thus 'counting' for less in the long run.

So what do we do? The obvious answer would be: to get everyone breeding again! But how? Step one is to ask very nicely. Peter Costello was infamously brash enough a few years back to revive a slogan from early 20th Century anxiety about the Yellow Peril; in his knobbly way, pleading Australians to "have one for Mom, one for Dad and one [or more] for The Country." Such rhetoric, such leadership.

Costello's creepiness pales against comments by the Japanese Health Minister Hakuo Yanagisawa in January earlier this year. Japan's underbreeding and aging is more pronounced than many countries, not least due to being embroiled in inter-generational tensions. So Minister Yanagisawa thought it appropriate to focus on boosting breeder morale. "The number of women aged between 15 and 50 is fixed," he says. "Because the number of birth-giving machines and devices is fixed, all we can ask for is for them to do their best per head, although it may not be so appropriate to call them machines." Um, woops?

Step two is to offer bribes. The Australian Federal Government is obviously hitched to this bandwagon. But one wishes they'd be a bit more creative about it. In one Russian region earlier this year, as part of the "Give Birth to a Patriot" scheme, workers were given a public holiday, Conception Day, to do just that. Nine months later would be Russia Day; those patriotic enough to (hold it in long enough to) pop one on the national day will be rewarded with SUVs and whitegoods.

Step three is to make breeding fun. Again, Russia is ahead of the curve here. The State has set up a 'LoveCamps', a program where youths are taken away for a week, treated to happening song and dance spectacles, then paired off sexwise and encouraged to mate furiously. Preferably without contraception. Well, to find someone, at least.

Overtones of Brave New World? But then, one

could wonder if governments here are taking a similar approach by blind-eye-turning the mass excuses for chemical love parading as 'dance festivals'. (Though, if so, they would be mistaken; hardly performance enhancing...)

Given that clearly none of this is going to work, then what's the long term prospectus for our silly little species? French misanthrope Michel Houellebecq, in his latest pop-existential novel *The Possibility of an Island*, imagines a hedonistic future where everyone gives up on breeding, looking after the aged... and pretty much everything else.

Oh yeah, and some chosen ones attain immortality, hide in space-age castles and watch the world go to shit. Rediculous? But so, surely, is the fact that we now choose against what we were designed to do.

But hey, lets leave us broken for a little while longer. Wouldn't it be nice to have to worry about underpopulation?

THIRD-PERSON CHAUVINIST

GEOFF LEMON dislikes 'no-person's land', loathes 'sportspersonship' and once killed a man who referred to Nepal's 'Him/hermalayas'. Here's why.

It's late, we're bored, and all that pay TV has to offer is beach volleyball. A return of serve lobs toward the baseline, the volleyballer too close to the net to stop it sailing over her head. Our Aussie beach volleyball commentator (a coveted position) tells us "She really had no options there. She was stuck in no-person's land."

Well, it took me a while. But after some minutes of brain-bleeding denial, I had to admit that this choice new phrase was indeed a corruption of the First World War phrase 'no-man's land'. Apparently in our politically correct society, such a horribly gender-laden phrase is anachronistic. Female beach volleyballers can't be in no-man's land, they have to occupy no-person's land. After all, we'd hate anyone to feel excluded.

Political correctness and corporate jargon have warped language in recent decades, interbreeding to spawn a more hideous creature than either could have become alone. Government and corporate bodies are the most likely targets for criticism from any number of lobbies over allegedly discriminatory language because these bodies constitute 'the establishment', which supposedly should lead the way on moral issues. And apparently, the injustice of male dominated language is one of the more pressing moral concerns of our time.

Essentially, using the word 'man' or any male-specific pronouns like 'he' or 'his' is considered to be at best risky, and at worst, flagrantly offensive. The only time when 'man' is now acceptable is when the word applies to a single, specific, sweating, testosterone-laden hulk with all his genitalia intact and with no inclination towards cross-dressing. Use of the word elsewhere apparently excludes other gender identities. But is the word 'man' really so male? Traditionally, it has had two categories of use. 'A man' or 'the man' certainly indicates a single human male. But the term 'man' on its own, without any preceding article, signifies genus rather than gender. 'Human' does have 'man' in it, after all. Women are included in projects "for the good of all mankind", and I'm sure that when commenting on "man's inhumanity to man", no-one is implying that women are never nasty to anyone.

In any case, why is the word 'man' thought so offensive? Wiley's style guide certainly thinks it is. While agreeing that 'man' has been "a generic term for both sexes", it says this use is no longer appropriate. It also tells us that gender specification in titles and phrases has to go. So, out with the clergyman

and milkman, in with the minister and milk vendor. It is precisely this nervous apologist thinking that leads to English aberrations like "no-person's land". We started getting salespeople and chairpersons a while back. That wasn't so bad. Then we got more ridiculous things, like awards for sportspersonship. The process is ongoing today. But really, why can't a woman work as a foreman? And why can't she show good sportsmanship? The 'man' part of these words is unimportant. Just look at the way we pronounce them. The ending of 'foreman' is not given the emphasis that 'man' gets on its own; the vowel is contracted into a 'mn' sound. The middle syllable of 'marksmanship' is contracted, the same as 'postman', 'spokesman' or 'linesman'. In all such vocational words, 'man' just acts as a vague signifier of the human subject to whom the noun refers. There is no requirement for that human to be male. The X-Men had a whole bunch of female superheroes, but they were still collectively X-Men, and they still saved the day.

At the same time as wanting to rescue women from the horrors of 'sportsman', political correctness is elsewhere demanding they be given male appellations. Actresses, hostesses and heroines have become actors, hosts and heroes. So, it's discriminatory if you call a woman by the supposedly male term 'marksman', but it's equally discriminatory if you don't call her by the genuinely male term 'actor'. This logic completely contradicts itself. A word like 'actor' is in fact far more male, as traditionally it has been used to specify the subject's gender. 'Marksman' has not. 'Actor' has a common female equivalent word. 'Marksman' does not. But we can't call a woman an actress, because this gives away the terrible secret that she's female. So she's an actor, unless we need to specify, at which point she becomes a 'female actor' (a distinction which could have been made quite nicely by using the word 'actress', but let's not get into that).

Political correctness is dragging us along like an undertow, and we should swim hard against it. No, not so that we can denigrate women and elevate men to the status of gods. Strangely, there are other reasons. First, because PC logic has got everything backwards. By PC rationale, in our age of equality, gender is irrelevant. Therefore any and all mention of it should be scrubbed from society like an unpleasant residual 19th century stain (and that was the era of dysentery, remember). But that attitude is completely wrong. Equality is not attained by pretending differences don't exist. They do, and we need to deal with it. We need to accept it to a point where differences become irrelevant. True equality is where anyone – women, men, gay black disabled Jewish communists – can shout their differences loudly and proudly from the rooftops, and no-one else even gives a toss. The French have a gender specific definite article for every noun. Are they really any more sexist than us because they associate women with moustaches and war, and men with grapefruits and fire trucks? No, because the language we use is not what decides equality. Our actions and practical treatment of women do. Obviously, women work, and no-one believes that a foreman has to be male by definition. If the job is freely available to women, the name of it doesn't matter in the least. It's no good us all wearing red stars and calling each other 'comrade' if we head home for an evening of online stockmarket speculation. It's no good us going on about freedom and values if we lock up children in desert camps. If people don't actually believe in what they're saying, 'correct' language becomes an empty farce.

The second reason for resistance is that frankly, the language of the



PC revolution just sounds plain dumb. Apart from 'no-person's land', the paper is full of employment ads for waitpersons and storepersons. So where to from here? We can make generalisations about rude Frenchpersons. We can listen to music on our Walkpersons, complain about the taxperson, tip the doorperson at the hotel, and tell our kids the Sandperson will send them to sleep. Collectively we'll be the huperson race. ABC cricket will be commentated by Terry Alderperson. Managers, manicurists and manual labourers will disappear. We'll go to Nepal to climb the Him/hermalayas. Herman Melville will be banned from libraries – even if we change his first name to Theirperson, his book title is totally unacceptable anyway. We won't be able to complain about The Man anymore – it'll be The Person with his/her foot on our throats, keepin' a brother (sorry, a sibling) down. We can put up signs at ski resorts prohibiting the building of snowmen. But will Batman and Batgirl both have to become Batperson? And how will Gotham City fare with the resulting confusion?

The extent to which the phenomenon has gone is already ridiculous, and there's a long way it could go yet. Calling a woman a horseman does not mean that she's a man, any more than it means that she's a horse. Admittedly, a name doesn't matter that much in the grand scheme of things. Using PC language won't mean that her larger and scarier friends, the Four Horsepersons of the Apocalypse, will ride across the sky and destroy us all. But it's bad language, ugly language, clumsy and illogically applied. It's alarming, too, for men who worry they may be politically corrected out of society's manuscript. Equality means that gender shouldn't matter at all. If a perverse understanding of equality means that all traces of gender are treated as though they were shameful, if the hint of anything male is so terrible that we can't even say 'no-man's land', then surely, this is no man's land.

GEOFF LEMON is Poetry Editor of *Voiceworks* (where this article was first published) and *Harvest* magazines, and runs Melbourne's *Blue Velvet Readings*. You can also find him in *Best Australian Stories 2007*, *Wireless Bollinger*, *Visible Ink*, and *Divan*. His first book of poetry is due through Picaro Press in 2008. Contact leffrey@hotmail.com or www.myspace.com/geofflemon

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE ROMANCE?

Do you ever find yourself thinking that your uni days aren't quite what you had hoped for? TERRY BREWER reports on the romance deficit at ANU.

Few are the days that I am not haunted by the feeling that these years should be better. I don't mean in a 'Girls Gone Wild!' frat-party kind of way (although I'll admit there were a few years when my hopes drifted into these misogynistic pastures – but that's your mid-teens for you, right?) Now my hopes are more romantic than smutty; my dreams are of enlightening lectures, life altering tutes, inspiring colleagues, heroic games of frisbee, and a pretty quadrangle in which attractive and intelligent youths lay about discussing Kant whilst giving me the eye. Call me Max Fischer but I wanted more than this. (Terry looks around at the sorry buildings of the ANU's Humanity and Social Science schools – and winces.)

LET'S START WITH THE BUILDINGS

Look, I know it reads as superficial – of course there's more to a university than its bricks and mortar. That noted, have a look at ours.

Who commissioned ANU's utilitarian structures? I suppose the 1960s are to blame. Unfortunately for us much of the ANU's undergraduate campus was constructed in the decade of drab-but-functional architecture, and we now study amongst the regrettable

I dream of a pretty quadrangle in which attractive and intelligent youths lay about discussing Kant whilst giving me the eye.

results. While our lamentable Union court saps campus moral as no other feature, there are many other offenders – the bland exteriors of the Students' Association, ANU union, and all the Social Science and Humanities buildings to name a few. If only our campus was constructed a hundred years earlier in the period of Sydney uni's beautiful sandstone quadrangle. (Am I crazy for thinking a good-looking centrepiece is important for a university?)

Thankfully the campus isn't all bad: there are a few attractive buildings scattered throughout. For me, the

School of Art and new Medical and Health Science buildings are the standouts in the undergraduate half, while the John Curtin School of Medical Research and that crazy green-panelled one are two post-graduate buildings that hint at what our campus could be if given a lot more money and a bit of style.

We can also be happy to have escaped the brutalist structures of UTS, which with its Stalinist tower centrepiece is surely Australia's ugliest campus.

And aren't our grounds something? Sure we don't have toffs punting down Sullivan creek Cambridge-style, but even I have to admit that the ANU's verdant spaces and billowing willows are lovely.

LECTURES AND TUTES

As was noted in an earlier *Woroni* issue, tutorials are horrible. Now I don't want to take you down that already trodden path – tutorials are bloated with too many students for every teacher, their leaders are often terrible facilitators, and we, the students, don't help matters by either not doing the readings or getting all weird and silent. So we'll move on from this consensus. Instead, I would like to take this opportunity to add lectures to the 'often-horrible' list.

My top-five problems with lectures: one, boring lecturers who obviously got into academia for the research, then found out that some student contact was compulsory and are still to come to terms with this; two, boring lecturers who seem like they were entirely aware of the student contact involved in the job of a university lecturer - but are just dull; three, unsuitable lecture theatres; four, nine-in-the-morning untapped lectures (disgusting!); five, couples who attend lectures together for back-of-the-theatre-fondling.

I must admit that I have had some fantastic lectures led by brilliant lecturers. David Adams reached Robin Williams circa-Dead Poet Society heights in his Introduction to Politics course. But for every Adams there's a, well, I won't name names – but I think we're all aware that there are plenty of lecturers out there to not get excited about. And that's a bit sad, isn't it?

STUDENTRY

Now, please don't take this section personally. The following criticisms are of the student body, not of any individuals in particular. All right, maybe that's a bit of a lie. A fair few of you are pretty average, but in an effort to keep hate mail to a minimum, let's pretend I'm criticising an impersonal aggregate of all our faults.

Let's start with douche-bags: you know who you are. You do, right? I mean all those kids walking around with filthy mullets, talking on mobiles and leering at passers by. You are the douche-bags.

After douche-bags we have to deal with toolies. Half-man half-penis, this group can be identified by their popped-collar college jumpers and breathtaking stupidity in tutorials and other gatherings. Thanks for coming to uni toolies.

Next are the hoochies. We're talking hoop earrings, dyed blond/black hair (whichever isn't natural and whatever Lindsay's wearing at the mo'), make-up – lots and lots of it – and a day-to-day stupidity that leaves observers thinking, 'No way! You exist.'

And finally – and these are not ranked by odiousness, so don't think you're better than the douches, the toolies or hoochies – there's the rest of us. What a bunch of good-for-nothing, lazy, whinging schmucks! Perhaps a bit overheated, but there is much to criticise. If we aren't whining about money and student benefits while parading our empathy with the third-world, you'll find us picketing for more carparks for our campus as we tell all our friends we'll definitely vote Green because the environment is super important, you know? This group is easily spotted, just look for faux-ideals that crumble with the faintest touch – bless us.

BRING BACK THE ROMANCE

Now after all that you would be excused for feeling a little down. It was all a bit bleak wasn't it? Geez, the studentry section was plain nasty.

Things have become much darker than they were supposed to: this article wasn't meant to be an exercise in ANU bashing, it was meant to be offer hope, so a shift in tone to finish.

Close your eyes for a minute. Actually, open them again – I hadn't quite thought this through. Now, go and find a friend to read this out loud while you close your eyes. There we go. Now, imagine that you are approaching the ANU campus and your heart is beginning to swell – that's right swell – because you love this place. A fantail is singing in one of the cherry blossoms that

frame the path you are walking down. A group of cute girls (or guys) dappled in filtered sunlight lay about under an old oak tree that marks the beginning of the beautiful sandstone quadrangle you are approaching. You overhear the group (they're talking about Bukowski!).

The cutest – and most intelligent, from what you can hear – makes eyes with you. Eyelashes flutter, your heart races and then he (or she) says, 'you're in my English tutorial, right?' You reply that yes you are, and that yes you will see her (or him) there this afternoon. You keep walking, crossing the elegant quadrangle until you reach its southern tunnel. On your left is a large, wooden door, which you open. It would be cool inside, but the fire raging in the stunning red brick fireplace has warmed it. You look around at the intelligent and attractive people gathered, and then take your seat at the head of the group in a plush leather chair. All eyes are on you as you announce: 'the first meeting of the ANU undergraduate beekeepers' society is now open.'

Person-reading-this-for-your-friend, please tell them to open their eyes and return this article to them – thank you. Ah yes original reader, that's what university should be like. University is supposed to be romantic. It's meant to be enjoyed. So while we wait for the construction of a beautiful quadrangle and the ordering of a stunning fire place and some appropriately plush leather chairs, let's all get a little more involved in the ANU community – let's make ANU a little more Rushmorian. Let's start a beekeeping club!

The ANU Undergraduate Beekeepers will meet on Thursday afternoons at The Gods café. Come along to enjoy a coffee and some crazy bee-rearing anecdotes. Beret wearing is encouraged.



THE BOOS HAVE IT

By ANNA MOROZO

Calling an election should be like ripping off a band-aid – do it quickly and it won't hurt for as long. But Howard insisted on doing this slowly, pulling every damn hair out of the follicle. The past few months of 'faux' campaign have been arduous indeed.

Finally we're into campaign proper. And it will only be a few more weeks until Rudd ascends the throne.

That's right boys and girls, I'm calling it. Libs lose, Labor wins.

And of course, it's not like this proclamation is bucking any trend. Although no one is predicting another term of Howard and co., few are willing to write off the old bugger – yet. Well I'm willing to do it and no doubt open myself to the risk of egg on face...

But what is the basis for my call? Well, it's not any ACNielsen, Morgan or Newspoll. No number crunching, phone polling, vox popping. I have not come to this conclusion by scrutinising the odds from Centrebet (although, bookies are more accurate than newspaper polls). Nope, I'm going on the footy crowd.

If you happened to have missed it somehow, the last weekend in September was the apex of the football season, the moment of truth, where one team is heralded as champions of the world and everyone forgets about the other ...that is, grand final weekend. Saturday hosted the AFL and Sunday the NRL.

It is the latter footy game I would like to draw your attention to

first. Melbourne Storm defeated the Manly Sea Eagles convincingly (34-8) and it was John Howard who was the medal presenter to the victorious Storm. To my surprise, as our Prime Minister was introduced to the people, he was met with one of the loudest boos of his prime ministership by a crowd of over 80,000. Conscious that all eyes and cameras were pointed at him, Howard laughed it off, but you can bet he wasn't laughing on the inside.

Now a prime minister being booed by a football crowd is not in its own right anything shocking. Moreover, Howard is no stranger to the boo. But such a vocal message from an NRL crowd says a little more than just Australians are irreverent. What's key here is who is booing. A disproportionate number of league fans happen to be part of a voting group known as the 'Howard Battlers'. These are your blue collar workers who deserted Labor in 1996 election

and swept Howard into power. They're doing it tough economically and are socially conservative. Howard has been their pin-up boy promising them low interest rates and pandering to their xenophobia. In fact, in 2001 he received an overwhelming cheer by that same crowd. He took it as a sign of their approval of his tough stance on Tampa and acknowledges it as the moment he realised he was a shoe-in for that coming election. In following years the response to our leader has been more mixed.

You've had your cheers and you've had your jeers. This year, however, the message was loud and clear. The people said: Not Happy John. Ah, how times change.

As I said before, this prediction leaves me open to the risk of egg and my face colliding. We must always remember that this is a formidable prime minister who has earned the respectful title of 'Lazarus with a triple bypass'. But resurrections aside, it's not looking good for the PM. And I think there's another football analogy to back my theory.

Some things are just destined to be. The day before Manly vs. Storm we saw the AFL grand final – the mighty Geelong Cats took on the Port Adelaide Power. From the beginning of the season there was hype about this Geelong side. There were stirrings and whispers about them being possible premierships contenders. They were impressive on and off the field, and there was a certain aura about them. People were

sensing a change in the air, but 'keep a lid on it' was the team's motto for the season. They had been here before, reaching grand final after grand final, but never managing to attain that holy grail – not since 1963. To be sure, Geelong supporters were accustomed to tragedy (sort of like Labor voters). But that all changed this year. Nothing could stop them. No matter what tactics other teams used, the Cats only soared up the ladder, breaking all the records and winning all the accolades.

And on that last Saturday in September they broke the 44 year drought, in style too – a whopping 119 point margin – one for the record books (163-44).

There's a gust of that same fateful wind in the political arena. And the very same mantra is being repeated in the Labor ranks: 'keep a lid on it, keep a lid on it. We're nearly there.'

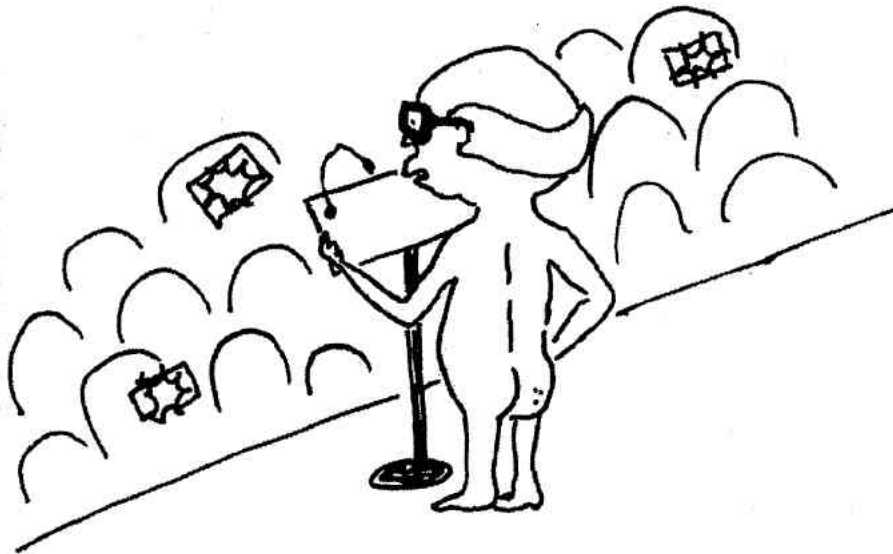
A bit of metaphorical stretch? Okay, I admit it. I just wanted to gush about my beloved Geelong. But you can't deny it, there is a certain je ne sais quoi about this Rudd led Labor. Everyone can see it, especially their opponents.

Although I'm looking forward to a new government I will never love a political party as unconditionally as I love my Geelong. Hyperbole and metaphorical gymnastics aside, I'm left with a sobering thought. In his first speech of the official campaign, Kevin Rudd, our Prime Minister-in-waiting, warned the public: "The greatest risk for Australia's future is for the Coalition to return

and nothing changes" he said. Good point, but that's not quite right Mr Rudd. For the real danger we face, the greatest risk to our future is if Labor wins - and nothing changes.

Only time will tell.

foolish Reporters!
Only a fool is unable to
see my clothes. I've been
wearing this same suit for
eleven years!



EMPEROR JOHN

M. T. O'Keefe © 10/11/02

STAYING SHIP WITH THE DEMOCRATS

You'll miss the Democrats when they're gone argues LEAH GINNIVAN.

The Australian Democrats have undoubtedly been the most entertaining political party over their 30-ish years of existence. They were the first party to make use of the Senate's minor-party-friendly voting system and pushed hard to make the bastards less bastardly. They are the only party in parliament to have had a female leader and they continued to have more diverse parliamentarians than anyone else. They have had defections, backstabbery, alcohol-fuelled assaults in the Senate, salacious liaisons with beardy foreign ministers, and more leadership spills than you could shake a mace at.

Theirs was truly a fiery birth. In 1977, the disgruntled Don Chipp (peevish at Malcolm Fraser's decision not to give Chipp a portfolio after his antics in anti-censorship campaigning) decided a higher standard of governance was possible. He was applauded out of retirement at a town hall meeting on a rainy Melbourne night. According to Chipp, people swarmed around him that wintry eve, touching his clothes and pleading for a third party in Australian politics. The party was set up to encourage grassroots participation, to allow for principled and conscientious decision making, and to prevent the top-heavy style of party organisation that characterised the major parties.

It all worked fairly well for much of the 80's and 90's. But infighting and the rise of the Greens meant that despite continuing to kick legislative goals, the Dems were seen to be slipping in public esteem. The 2004 election was an utter train-wreck for the Democrats, compounding the pain of a poor result in 2001. In what can only be described as an unmitigated disaster, their Senate vote dropped from 7.25% to a miserly 2.09%, just slightly more than Pauline Hanson's One Nation. But where Hanson received nearly \$200,000 in electoral funding, the Democrats ended up with a miserable \$8500.

Since that fateful day, they have been roundly ignored by the media who have been telling the world that the Dems are "waiting to die", in Senator Bartlett's words. Scarce has been the good thing said about their electoral prospects (or, for that matter, worth) by the mainstream press, apart from the odd misty-eyed obituary for "responsible government".

There's more than a bit of truth to this. The Senate, with all

its obscure members and un-glamorous yet invaluable network of committee systems, is one of the only accountability mechanisms left in federal politics. But it can only really function when a responsible party or parties can examine issues beyond the stark partisanship that is the staple diet (the Mi Goreng, if you will) of our federal parliament. The Senate can be and was either a legislative obstruction or a big, greasy, sycophantic rubber stamp for most of its existence. It was the advent of the Democrats which showed hope beyond this. And if they do lose their remaining four Senate seats, the role they have played cannot be filled by anyone else.

It's true that many of their big-time policy platforms now share an overlap with the Greens, with a strong focus on the environment, affordable housing, and reconciliation. Granted, the Democrats haven't gotten the word out about their achievements as much as they needed to, and an unresponsive media has not helped in the least. But in the last term alone the Democrats' achievements have been nothing to scoff at. It was Lyn Allison's work on RU486, and the Democrat's work on expanding stem cell research that led to policy change. They have been ceaseless in their campaigning for

"They have had defections, backstabbery, alcohol-fuelled assaults in the Senate, salacious liaisons with beardy foreign ministers..."

accountability and civil liberties and proposed some much-needed (but ignored) amendments to the 2006 Anti-Terror legislation. Andrew Bartlett has maintained an insightful and moderate presence in the blog world for many years as well as being a strong advocate of refugee issues. And the list goes on.

Anyone who's walked amongst the many-papered walls of our uni, or passed the Greens office on the way to Civic will have seen the ads featuring Kerrie Tucker's benevolent gaze, spruiking the Greens as the saviours of the Senate. This claim may be genuine or it may be hot air, but it seems unlikely that the Greens would act in the same way as the Democrats did when they held the balance of power. Inflexibly forcing changes to legislation (regardless of what those changes may be, and it's likely they may have worth) in the Senate is one thing. Doing the legislative and parliamentary grunt work to make sure legislation is passed with respect to broad electoral wishes and keeping the executive to account is quite another.

Call it starry-legislative-checks-and-balances-eyed-idealism, but it seems like everyone's jumping ship on the Democrats for no good reason other than that everyone else is. The Australian electorate, pundits often say, can never be wrong. Even so, if the Democrats are lost from the Senate this election, it's the Australian electorate who will lose the most.

HIGHER EDUCATION

TULLY FLETCHER compares what's on offer.

As students we face a range of challenges – mounting debt (many of us have loans beyond HECS), expensive textbooks, rising rent and food prices, and a struggle to successfully balance life, university and work. According to the latest Universities Australia report on student finances the average Australian undergraduate student earns \$16,000 per annum, spends \$17,000 per annum and works 15 hours per week (with a substantial effect on their marks). 13% (one in eight) of our fellow students regularly go without food because they cannot afford it. Indigenous students and female students are more likely to face hardship.

We've come a long way since the golden days of Whitlamesque higher education largesse. The 'middle class welfare' argument won out under Hawke and free university tuition was scrapped. Not content to recoup the investment in successful students by taking a share of their increased earnings through income tax, the Commonwealth decided to double-dip by adding HECS to the load. Under Howard, HECS has gone up substantially, federal funding has declined and domestic full-fee places (with a discounted marks requirement) have been introduced. With the consent of the federal Minister for Education, Melbourne University has transferred its professional undergraduate courses to full-fee postgraduate courses. The federal government's biggest recent policy announcement in higher education was a \$5 billion endowment fund to cover major capital works.

The evidence suggests that the intention of the Liberals is to place more of the burden of studying at a tertiary level onto students and their families. A recent National Union of Students survey of the main parties revealed that the government believes that supporting students is a shared responsibility between parents, government and the students themselves – justifying the continuation of the current level of Youth Allowance (around \$450 per fortnight if you've worked hard enough to earn the independent rate). In contrast, Labor supports an incremental reduction of the age of independence (currently 25) so that undergraduates can more easily qualify for the independent rate, the Democrats support an immediate reduction of the age of independence to 18 and the Greens support a means-tested living allowance.

Labor, the Greens and the Democrats all support the abolition of full fee places for domestic students. All the progressive parties support increased investment in the higher education sector and the Greens support the abolition of HECS entirely – funded they say by an end to recent tax cuts. Labor has committed itself to reducing the level of HECS in maths and science degrees and Kevin Rudd has suggested that he is personally uncomfortable with the HECS system (he

was a recipient of a free degree). The minor parties also support a textbook allowance (the government will not contemplate it) and there are rumours that Labor has plans to build textbook loans into the HECS system. In April this year Labor education spokesperson Stephen Smith also hinted that Labor may look at substantial one-off grants to assist students to relocate to university. Though it's unlikely that the current system would be substantially altered under Labor, it seems that they certainly intend to 'ease the squeeze'.

However some important unanswered questions remain for Labor at this stage of the election campaign. Will Labor do more to assist students with accommodation? We're part of the low-cost housing crisis too. And what will Labor do about students working too many hours if they won't commit to substantial reform of Youth Allowance? At some point the government will need to decide whether students are cash-cows for universities and cheap labour for local businesses, or a worthy social and economic investment in the nation's future. Also, what will Labor do about tutorial sizes and the quality of undergraduate teaching? Student lobbyists always hit the 'no resources' barrier when they demand more tutors and there's a looming shortage of academics as the baby boomer generation gears down for retirement.

There's a lot of talk about an 'education revolution' but so far Labor just looks to be tinkering at the margins. Though if the latest polls are to be believed, and 70% of people in our age bracket (18-29) have already decided to vote Labor, perhaps we just don't need any more convincing.



WORONI



THE PARTIES ON CLIMATE CHANGE

By ROBERT WIBLIN

CLIMATE CHANGE POLICY

The Liberal party policy on climate change has changed rapidly this year. Although it refuses to ratify the Kyoto protocol it is proud of the fact that by its measure Australia will nearly reach its Kyoto target of 108% of 1990 emissions by 2010 (109% is the best guess) because great increases in fossil fuel emissions have been more than offset by reductions in land clearance. The acceptance of 'aspirational goals' at APEC will remain little more than posturing until those goals become binding in the next phase of only global agreement that has any hope of global legal standing – the Kyoto protocol - itself a mostly toothless agreement. The Liberal party under Howard had until this year refused to set any short or long term targets for emissions reduction (under John Hewson in 1991

it planned to cut emissions by 20% by 2000). However, after 11 years of opposing any price on carbon Howard this year proposed a carbon trading scheme to begin in 2012. This will require an emissions target and Howard has signalled he would set one next year – well after the election. The Environment Minister Malcolm Turnbull suggested last week that having targets in the trading scheme means Australia might have no reason not to sign onto Kyoto in the future. ANU climate change economics researcher Prof. Jotzo told me that while the framework the Liberals have proposed for a carbon trading scheme is quite sound they have signalled they will start with a low carbon price which would limit its ability to reduce emissions.

The Liberal Party clearly states that it sees 'clean coal' and nuclear as the real solutions to climate change and that any trading

system would have to protect the mining and export sectors. This would include carbon credit giveaways to industries such as coal, aluminium and steel. While dissecting how much the Liberals plan to spend on clean energy research is difficult the trend to date has been to decrease renewable energy research by closing the Energy R&D Corporation, the Australian Cooperative Research Centre for Renewable Energy, and the Renewable Energy Commercialisation Program to increasing funds going to fossil fuel R&D. In 2005-2006 what was left of government funding for energy research (CRC and CSIRO) resulted in \$226 million going to fossil fuels and 'clean coal' with \$27 million left for renewable energy. In 2001 the Liberals established a Mandatory Renewable Energy Target for 2010. The target was met by investments in 2004 and their review into the scheme recommended the target be doubled. They have so far refused to change it, the Industry Minister saying privately the scheme was "working too well" – make of that what you will. Last week the Liberals announced a new national renewable target of 15% by 2020 although this will make little difference as it cleverly shadows State targets that are already in place.

The Labor party has set a long term goal of a 60% reduction in greenhouse gas emissions by 2050 drawn from CSIRO research. It has not yet set any intermediate goals although it has indicated it will do so in 2008 in response to a State Labor version of the Stern Report from ANU Professor Ross Garnaut. This would be necessary as they plan to bring in an emissions 'cap and trade' scheme along similar lines to the Liberals which would need a mandated path towards the 2050 target. Labor says it will "significantly" increase the Mandatory Renewable Energy Target. It will provide low-interest loans of \$10,000 for up to 200,000 households for solar systems and energy efficiency measures. Labor would ratify the Kyoto protocol, giving us voting rights at international negotiations to structure and improve the second round of the highly criticised Kyoto protocol. Negotiations for Kyoto beyond 2012 start in Bali later this year and currently Australia and the USA will be the only major nations unable to attend. Labor also wants to set aside \$525 million towards 'clean coal' research and another \$500 million to develop 'green cars manufactured in Australia' with substantially lesser amounts going towards renewable energy. Labor has no policy for reducing emissions from native forest logging or land clearing although it has said it would "like" to see them fall.

The Greens have for years had goals to reduce Greenhouse gas emissions by 80% by 2050 with an interim target of 30% by 2020. Their policy states that they will do this with a range of "market-based and regulatory mechanisms reflecting the real costs of greenhouse gas emissions" which would include both a 'green tax shift' and a carbon trading scheme although the details of this are not clear. They will expand the Mandatory Renewable Energy Target to 15% by 2012 and 25% by 2020 and create a feed-in tariff which will increase the price received by households for selling renewable energy back into the grid. They intend to largely end land clearing and native forest logging except for specialty timbers

in some areas. They intend to develop a national system of energy efficiency targets to raise Minimum Energy Performance Standards for products, buildings, vehicles and infrastructure and, like Labor, provide low interest loans for house energy efficiency audits and renovations.

All parties would ban incandescent bulbs and propose a variety of subsidies for energy efficiency and solar installations at schools and in houses, like the \$1000 solar hot water rebate this budget. A variety of solar power plants are also planned.

OPINION

While it is good that the Liberals have accepted the need for a carbon trading system after a decade of ensuring we don't have one, in my view they lack the credibility to design an effective market for Australia. The major problem with these schemes is that if pollution rights are over-allocated by government, as occurred in phase I of the European carbon market, the cost of polluting becomes so low that the market might as well not exist. Its failure to consult with climate scientists to work out any targets for emissions reduction to date and its rejection even of lax Kyoto protocol targets we are already meeting bodes badly for the future. It is unlikely we will get any details of their carbon trading plans before the election to reassure us. I spoke to ACT Liberals Senator Gary Humphries who agreed with me that it was troublesome that neither major party was willing to release any targets for voters to examine except for a 2050 target that is far enough away to be easily ignored by Parliament. He said he personally would like to see quite tough short term targets released immediately that went "beyond what Labor would likely propose". He was adamant that we just had to accept that dealing with climate change would involve increased costs for households in the short term but that that was just a necessary part of moving from having "unrealistically underpriced" coal energy. Unfortunately Humphries is in a small minority in his party which has for 11 years eschewed targets and denied there was any need to re-price coal power to include external environmental costs.

I am concerned by the presence of outspoken climate change skeptics in cabinet including Finance Minister Nick Minchin and Industry Minister Ian Macfarlane. Senator Humphries was not, suggesting that their ability to undermine party policy while climate change remains so important to the electorate is low. Maybe true, but concern about climate change among Liberal party apparatchiks remains lukewarm at best - the influential Young Liberals passed a motion this year disputing the very existence of human-induced climate change. What's more, research documented in ex-Liberal Party staffer Guy Pearce's new book *High and Dry* clearly reveals the overwhelming influence the fossil fuel lobby holds within the Government and explains how lobbyists have managed to divert so many subsidies from renewable to fossil fuel programs. To give credit where it's due, the Liberal's \$200-million Global Initiative on Forests and Climate which aims to limit native forest destruction in SE-Asia was actually a great policy although it was largely reported only as an amusing contrast

with Liberal policy on Australian forests.

Labor is also frustratingly coy about details of any emissions trading scheme or renewable energy targets. They have shown some willingness to accept goals determined by academics by referring to CSIRO research, the Stern Report and Business Roundtable on Climate Change in setting their target of 60% emissions reductions by 2050 and commissioning an ANU academic to determine intermediate targets. Senator Humphries told me he was concerned that post election Rudd might just ratify Kyoto and so create a false belief in the Australian public that climate change was under control. Given Kyoto requires no change from 'Business as Usual' for Australia I agree that it could become "a distraction from the hard choices we need to make".

Labor's low-interest loans to households for green refurbishments would help generate action from consumers who out of habit or lack of information are yet to make investments that save them substantial amounts of money long-term. However, a strong carbon pricing scheme across all economic sectors and improvements to minimum efficiency standards for buildings and appliances would have a far wider reach and be less ad-hoc. Unfortunately, their policies on 'clean coal' R&D and an 'Australian green car' look a lot like kickbacks to the coal and automotive industries. Personally I think it is unnecessary for taxpayers to provide huge research subsidies to a coal industry that is currently raking in record billion dollar profits. Both Humphries and Garrett pointed out that coal is an important export and we need to be able to send clean coal technology overseas in order to reduce foreign emissions and keep coal exports viable. Garrett added that as coal now provides 80% of our electricity we must explore cleaning it up to be thorough and that Labor has plans for commercialisation of the technology by 2020. I reckon that if the coal industry really believed the research would produce the low-emission coal technology it desperately needs it would be more enthusiastic about providing funding itself and snapping up the patents. In any case, 'clean coal' has no role in reducing emissions in the short to medium term as even Howard, a huge clean coal spruiker, has stated that the speculative technology is like nuclear in that it could only begin implementation post-2020. In my view our overwhelming goal should be to reduce the importance of coal in the Australian energy mix-up long before 'clean coal' is available, using technology that is already economically viable like wind or nearly there like solar energy. Voters just have to hope Labor doesn't shirk the strong carbon pricing, research support and renewable energy targets needed to achieve this. Research into lowering emission from cars is well and good, but Labor seems quite open that its desire to manufacture the cars in Australia has more to do with providing jobs for the automotive industry than reducing climate change for the lowest price. Such research seems pointless without scheduled improvements to car mileage standards,

something Labor is yet to commit to.

Ultimately only the Greens have an up-front and developed climate change policy with strong targets for both the short and long term. They are proposing a wide variety of economically sound mechanisms to reach those targets including a carbon market for electricity generators, strong renewable energy targets and a 'green tax shift' so we tax things that are bad (like pollution) to deliberately reduce them instead of taxing things that are good (like income) and in so doing inadvertently reduce the incentive to work. The Greens are the only party to give land use changes and increases to minimum efficiency standards due attention. Every study shows efficiency is the low hanging fruit for cutting emissions. Minimum standards mostly save householders and businesses money by preventing them from making poor investments out of ignorance. As Four Corners revealed in June, most buildings built in Australia today are unnecessarily energy guzzlers because people simply don't know about what they are buying. Buildings and cars survive for a long time and unless standards are improved now consumers will be paying the price long into the future. I am also enthusiastic about cutting the tax flow to already giant businesses for speculative research so we can put more towards commercialising solar and geothermal options with less access to capital.

Even those who think the Greens' climate policy is excessive should seriously think about voting for them in the Senate. In reality the Greens will never be able to enact their entire platform and will always be horse trading with a Labor or Liberal government. Most likely they will first push for a carbon trading scheme that isn't pathetically weak and bundle common sense ideas like minimum efficiency standards into legislation. Both major parties remain timid on climate change despite Australians consistently saying it is their greatest concern for the future. The overwhelming threat is that they'll lose their nerve and set targets far below what is achievable. I support Kerrie Tucker's Senate bid because a force to hold them to account in the Senate will be crucial in the next 3 years.

Further information on climate change at the election can be found at:

www.thebigswitch.com.au

www.voteclimate.org.au

www.youthclimatecoalition.org

A confession: I am a partisan supporter of Kerrie Tucker's campaign for the second ACT Senate spot. I might seem an odd choice to write objectively about environment issues in the election but hold the protest letters for a moment. The Woroni editors face enough trouble finding anyone who closely follows environmental politics and will write about it, and it would be near impossible to find one with no political affiliation!

FEMINISM: THE 'F' WORD OF TODAY?

By LIZ BEATON

During the student elections, an exchange-student friend stopped me on campus. "You," she said, "always for the women's rights, eh?"

At that moment, it occurred to me that my involvement in the women's department had become more widely known. People would randomly mention it to me when I stopped for a chat.

But amid this extremely minor celebrity, I couldn't help but notice one thing. Nobody wanted to use the word 'feminist'.

"What do you think of feminists?" I asked a friend. She took a few moments, before answering, "Scary."

It seems that the hype of the anti-equality brigade has paid off: some women think their hard-working representatives are scary, weird, or the ultimate evil... 'man haters'. The electoral campaign of the successful women's officer candidate tapped into this fear, with policy proposals such as "Stop the man-bashing" printed on paper.

A dilemma prevails for the feminists on campus. Of course, we're aware that we're none of these things. But on the other hand, why should we have to prove this to people? If we have to preface our appeals for equality with "don't worry, we're not man-bashers", surely we are missing the point?

So it was with mixed feelings that I sat down to write this article. Yet a fear of obese, bra-burning hordes charging in to beat up men seems to linger on, so perhaps it's time to take a look at some popular misconceptions about feminism.

"But I don't hate men."

The idea of feminists as 'man-haters' is outdated. Modern women seek independence and equality,

and the true road to equality is by encouraging positive attitudes from men and women. Women should not be afraid to stand up for their rights or to respond to rude and chauvinistic behavior, but this cannot be equated with 'man-bashing'.

In truth, what we need is a harmony between genders, a world where men and women are equal both in economic terms and socially. When men are able to support this notion of gender equality, they are received in an extremely positive manner. Did you know that the ANU Women's Department in 2007 had male members, and put up stickers about sexual assault on men as part of its toilet-door awareness raising campaign?

So next time someone tells you that feminism means hating men, point out to them that the goal of feminism is equality, not hate. And remind the Facebook nuts, perhaps they could also check out the group "I Love Feminist Men"...

"Feminists are ugly."

This is a common one, used to deter women from standing up for their rights. Opponents of equal rights will appeal to your fears about public perceptions. You want to be 'hot' and not 'ugly', don't you? So don't be a feminist. They're all ugly!

It's time to stand up to anyone who makes this kind of comment. What does a feminist look like? Well, anyone who cares about equality. Women faced with the 'feminists are ugly' fearmongering began to wear This Is What A Feminist Looks Like t-shirts to dispel the stereotype and to reinforce the message that we are all different. You can buy one of these t-shirts easily; a quick Google search will take you to online stores. Better yet, make one yourself.

It's also important to remember that having to constantly prove your attractiveness goes against all the goals of women's rights. Having confidence in yourself is key – a confident woman can rise above attempts to scare her away from equality.

"They're all lesbians."

This strange stereotype stems from negative and offensive attitudes towards the gay community. Those who oppose equal rights for all people will play on homophobia, promoting the stereotype of gay feminists in an attempt to keep homophobic women away from equal rights.

There's a very simple answer to anyone who makes the bizarre claim that all feminists are lesbians – "So what?" If the idea of mixing with people in the gay community is putting you off, then you need to re-think your attitude, and fast. On the other hand, if you're told that becoming a feminist will magically change your sexuality, the best response is probably laughter. Loud laughter.

I've taken a look at three of the more common misconceptions of feminism, but as long as there are people who think that women should look like Barbies and stay in the kitchen, stereotypes and fear-mongering will continue to exist. Some people will describe women who want to be equal in any number of derogatory terms: angry man-haters, fat and ugly, self-important weirdos. It's up to you to stand above the abuse and to support the women who are supporting you. Whether you're female or male, Asian or Indian, straight or gay, eighteen or eighty, it's time to unite to achieve what all of us want – equality. And that means equality for women too.

WORONIA

LET US HAVE OUR SAY!

ANTHONY MANNERING argues that the Students' Association should adopt online voting – and he's quite convincing.

Is there any good reason why the Students' Association doesn't have online voting for its general election and major polls?

The philosophical arguments are compelling: greater participation, truer representation of student sentiment, more transparency, and proper accessibility.

Designing a system of voting is not easy. Most are vulnerable to one or more of wilful manipulation, slowness and inaccuracy in getting results, and neglect by constituents – or indeed all three.

However, under certain circumstances online voting can help. Let's go backwards.

NEGLECT BY CONSTITUENTS

All right, nothing short of compulsory voting (and probably not even that) could penetrate some students' indifference towards ANUSA activities. But those are not the students we should be concerned with.

A friend of mine, now a teacher, observed that classrooms have three groups of students: the high achievers, the drop-outs, and the wavering middle – my terms, not his. The high achievers will pay attention no matter what, while the drop-outs are essentially a lost cause (notwithstanding the *Dangerous Minds* idyll). As a teacher, he focuses his energy on the middle, because it is where his energy will be rewarded with the greatest benefit to the most students.

On campus, we must reach the same conclusion. Attempts at reaching students should not be directed to those already involved; that's just preaching to the converted. And efforts to involve the most disdainful of students will inevitably flop.

Instead, we should focus our energy on reaching those students who are interested, but who are stymied by things like meetings scheduled for times when they need to be at work.

I see strong evidence for this approach in this year's student elections. A hard-fought campaign, waged mostly on Facebook, opened the way for students to

engage with ANUSA aspirants in a civilised, thoughtful, self-directed way. (I hope the new Woroni website also contributed to this, though I may be kidding myself.)

With this in place, 22% of students turned up at polling stations – sometimes queuing for quite long periods of time – to have their say. That's twice last year's turn-out.

How much higher might it have been had students been able to vote online as well as in person? How much more would people have participated had we let them vote from their own computers?

SLOWNESS AND INACCURACY IN GETTING RESULTS

The speed and accuracy of election results are crucial. An online voting system is undoubtedly faster than a paper version, but will it be accurate?

The issue here is to do with specific implementations, not the technology itself. (At the end I provide a simple example of how an online voting system could be secure against hackers/cheaters.) While electronic voting is something none of us should support unconditionally – it is, after all, more vulnerable to the malice of single individuals or their programming mistakes – in the case of ANUSA's elections it would be trivial to design a system that was transparent and secure.

Wilful manipulation

This is perhaps the most controversial element of this argument, but for me it was actually the genesis of this whole issue.

As discussed previously, the ANUSA ordinary general meeting on 27 August was set to vote on a constitutional amendment. It meant departments and collectives within ANUSA would have needed the ANUSA executive's permission to run campaigns under ANUSA's name.

As proposals go, it is unassailable: what organisation lets individuals take action in its name while denying the executive any control? It's an insane situation that demands immediate remediation.

Unfortunately, the unit that would be curtailed by the change, the Education Department and Collective, performed a breathtaking stack. The amendment needed two-thirds of the vote, but failed to make even a simple majority. It is hard – very hard – to believe the result is

reflective of student sentiment.

Of course, the amendment may well have failed with online voting – two-thirds is a tough majority to get. But at least with online voting no one could claim the result was due to stacking.

Lastly, those who see my argument as sour grapes may like to consider this complement to my point. If the collective hadn't done a stack, the amendment would have passed – but only in a meeting with turnout so low it would barely have reached quorum. And even I can admit that would have been nearly as illegitimate as the actual result.

Online voting could help ANUSA achieve greater student participation in its processes, as well as lending it more legitimacy as an agent of student opinion. Both the general ANUSA election and

minor polls – such as constitutional amendments – would benefit from the increased participation and minimisation of fringe interests.

ANEXAMPLE SYSTEM

The following is a simple example of how votes could be taken electronically.

1. The ANU would allow students to sign in via its secure login to their accounts.
2. The ANU would assign the account a random, unique ID, unknown to ANUSA.
3. The student would be redirected to the ANUSA election page. (The unique ID would be carried with the browser, so students wouldn't need to remember it or write it down.)
4. The student would place their vote, which would be recorded in ANUSA's system.
5. Once the election finishes, ANUSA would make public the election ballots.
6. The ANU would confirm which ballots had valid ID numbers. (Ballot papers with invalid IDs would imply attempts to rig the election.) Students could check their own ballot was included in the count, guaranteeing the fidelity of results.

For the non-technically minded, students would just experience the following:

1. You'd sign into an ANU page.
2. You'd be presented with a ballot paper on the screen.
3. You'd fill it in and hit "Vote".

رمضان

Interfaith expert ROSE MCCONNELL evaluates the ANU Muslim Association's recent Multi-Faith Ramadan Event.

Interfaith Dialogues are notorious. They are boring: founded upon the truistic concept of gathering people of different beliefs together to applaud each other for their tolerance and pray that it might spread to the world. Those who are not tolerant will not attend.

I attended the interfaith event held earlier in the year that featured the Dalai Lama. His visit was much anticipated, and his message was indeed one of warmth. Many

believers and non-believers would do well to integrate something of his message into their own lives.

Yet the event was lacking. I was left feeling unsatisfied; why should we be gathering together to hear leaders of four spiritual traditions express tolerance for each other's beliefs? Haven't we come further than that? Aren't we just bowing to fundamentalism, on the part of all faiths, giving it validity in reaffirming that the message of violence

propagated by some is not in fact the message of love endemic to religion?

Perhaps I am being overly critical of the event. It should be commended for the opportunity it gave many to hear some of the core tenets of various religions. And the changing attitude to religion, particularly in this country, should not be overlooked. Many are now running from religion as it loses its apparent relevance and appears to actually harm the world.

Works like Richard Dawkin's *The God Delusion* further promote the idea that religion is responsible for more harm than good. Dialogue may well be the only way to allow people to openly question how they see religion influencing their lives. The ANU Muslim Association (ANUMA) recently held its own 'Multi-Faith Ramadan Event'. Its

tag line, not surprisingly, was 'peace, love, compassion'.

The event departed from the typical interfaith theme. It was different in that it was an event that actually had a point.

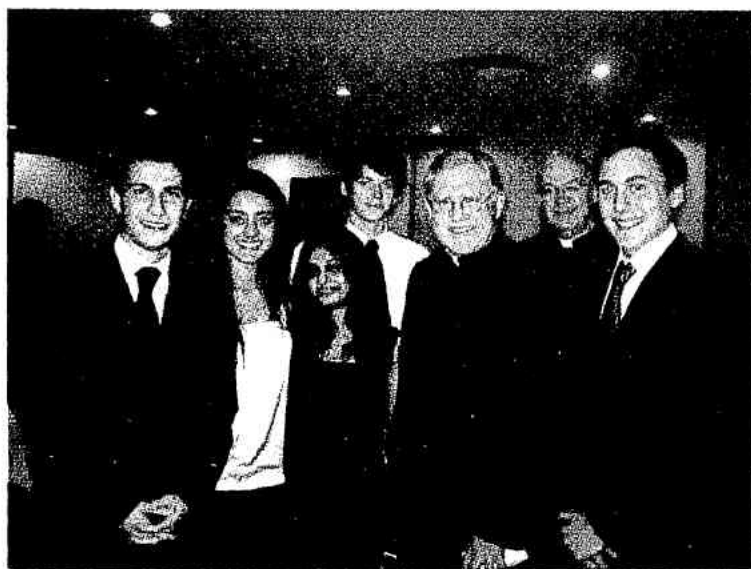
Ramadan is the ninth month of the Islamic calendar. This year it fell between the 13th of September and the 11th of October. Ramadan is often understood by non-Muslims as a month-long fast. It is true that during daylight hours in Ramadan, Muslims should abstain from eating, drinking, smoking and sex. These physical aspects are only one part of Ramadan. It is a month of deep religious and spiritual reflection and worship. Ramadan was the month in which the Qur'an was revealed and fasting during this month is an opportunity for Muslims to learn self-restraint. (Qur'an 2:183,185)

This year, ANUMA held an Iftaar (dinner that follows a day of fasting) on campus. It was jointly hosted by the ANU Christian and Jewish Students Associations, and ANU students and staff of all faiths were invited to attend. More than 130 attended, of whom around 40 were non-Muslims.

The evening began with the Adhaan (call to prayer) and the opening of the fast, traditionally done with water, fruit juices and dates. Muslims then performed evening prayers and dinner was served.

The keynote address of the evening was Archbishop Mark Coleridge. He spoke of the challenges faced by all religions to find peace, arguing 'peace is a task... not just a matter of sitting back and waiting for God to zap us'. He stressed that religious divisions

must not corrode our common humanity, 'we are all human beings, you cut me and I bleed, and my blood's the same colour as yours.' Yet what began as an apolitical reassertion of the common strive for love, peace and tolerance, quickly became a moral ear-bashing: Australian Muslims have become the 'Other', they are ghetto-dwellers and must integrate. He questioned, 'will this minority in our culture use its freedoms to undermine this



culture.'

This final statement seemed to allude to threat of Muslims becoming terrorists. His next comments were about 9/11. Later, Saba Awan, secretary of ANUMA, acknowledged that she was saddened and annoyed that he spoke of this. She reasoned that the room was full of Muslims celebrating their religion, whereas 9/11 was an act of terrorists stealing religion.

Indeed, it seems highly inappropriate for a leader of one religion to chastise followers of another. This was a Multi-Faith event through which ANU Muslims were attempting to connect with non-Muslims. And they were forced to endure, once again, being told that they were a threat to the stability of this country.

The Archbishop attempted to frame his comments in the context of the hardships that have been experienced by other Diasporas. He spoke of the historic marginalisation of Jews and Catholics. He attempted to compare these experiences saying to Muslims 'you're not on your own. The Jew and the Catholic have known it [being the 'Other']'. The difference that made his comments offensive was that he spoke of the problems of Jews and Catholics solely in the context of what other people had done to them, of the job ads that said 'Catholics need not apply'. In the case of Muslims though, he referred to terrorism in the ranks. His failure to disconnect the experience of Australian Muslims living in the ghettos, disconnected from the community with the racism they experience, among other difficulties, was only highlighted by his own deferral to the stereotypical view of the Muslim.

I was happy to see that Jack Pinczewski and Abbas Manafov, Presidents of the Jewish and Muslim Associations (respectively) were able to avoid unhelpful politicisation of a religious celebration. Jack expressed his delight that students from different religious faiths were gathering together to share a meal, and asked that 'tolerance become the by-word for the coming years'. Abbas noted that 'Islam is known to be a religion of tolerance'. He saw the event as a success: 'we show everyone that we an get together, we can understand each other and we can work for humanity in respect of our personal views and beliefs.'

Salsa



Food Music Film Fiction

EATING OUT IN CANBERRA

THOMAS GREGORY explores Canberra's burgeoning food and wine scene in the much anticipated final instalment of his *Woroni* lifestyle trilogy

Canberra Gourmands have never had it so good: almost every week another swanky restaurant, dripping with vacuousness opens its doors to the eager hordes of Australia's best educated city. Last week I took a tour of the *crème de la crème* of Canberra food and wine. However, in an attempt to avoid any defamation actions against *Woroni* (like that brought against *The Sydney Morning Herald* by a restaurateur panned by a food critic), I will necessarily have to generalise and avoid naming names. As my grandfather said, "I'm not naming names, but there he goes crossing the street." I'm sure the switched on amongst you will know who I am talking about. It reminds me of a story my father tells of a brilliant mimic active in rural Victoria in the 1890s who so enraged one of his victims that he was sued for defamation. As luck would have it, this mimic was also a mime, hence the enraged plaintiff was unable to prove that he was indeed the object of the imitation, thus unable to attain relief against the mimic; but everyone knew that he was the target of the mimic. And he knew that everyone knew he was the target of the mimic. Isn't the law a wonderful ass at times? And so to Canberra's food...

Sunday night, I dined out with a few close friends. Our choice for the evening has been open for quite a few years now, and its original outfit is still as faux-seventies as it was when it opened. Luckily for those who do not like variety, the menu has not changed since it opened either. Making eating there even easier is the fact that a constant proportion of the menu is 'out of service at the moment', which I understand to mean that one of the chefs (on a rotating basis) was not sufficiently coked up when his shift started and he accidentally fucked up all the dishes which needed, for example, jus. Of course, the mark of a really good restaurant is the pretentious and ignorant use of French words to replace identical English ones. When is a gravy not a gravy? When it is a jus. The difference? The person writing the menu with jus has just sunk a whole pile of money into faux-seventies décor, and is terrified that without appropriating pointless frenchisms, the customers might see through him, his *Industrie polo* shirt, his retro-mullet and his frequent 'in-the-know' mentions of how Labor can't be trusted with the Economy. In addition to its Frenchness, it has the hint of Englishness through its London sister-restaurant. This being a Sunday night, after dinner we avoided the offer of tea or coffee and went home to watch lifestyle-television on Foxtel. It was an hour-long tribute to jus.

On Monday morning I had to meet a noisy DOTARS (Department Of Transport And Regional Services) functionary about the fenceline we share in Kaleen. We had coffee in a beautifully light filled café in the city, and the staff were gorgeous and the coffee sublime. After being greeted with "Gentlemen!" (as opposed to the usual "Youse wanna table?") we sat. As we waited we saw one of the staff members pour an entire café latté on someone's lap. Instead of the expected expletives, the staff member was lavished with understanding giggles and encouragement. When our coffees came I was grateful to be served by a very lithe dancer-looking type, graceful enough to avoid leaving my coffee in my lap. The coffees really were beautiful. It is just a pity that the clientele is in large part people from DOTARS. At least the folk at DCITA (Department of Communications, Information Technology and the Arts) don't constantly push their theory about how traffic lights really work.

On Monday night I had a quiet drink with an old friend at one of Canberra's cult restaurants. When it was first opened



(back in the days of the suffragettes) its décor was de rigueur. These days it just feels dirty. Of course the crowd that attends this venue tend to all be very 'Melbourne' (gorgeous little hats and lots of dark skivvies), and the staff are all reputed to share certain orientations. The herbal tea was foul. I won't be returning until I again forget why I hate cult restaurants. In this case the 'cult' refers to cult of the mediocre. But whilst there is a university in Canberra, its alternative students (Development Studies, Visual Arts and Film Studies) will doubtless flock to this oasis of pseudo alternativeness and Melbourneness. Those of us who like to enjoy that which we are actually paying for (the food and drink) will only return when longing to recover our misspent youths.

Tuesday night was a dark night at home. I attempted to season a fillet of Tuna with dukka, but accidentally dropped some Maggie Beer tapenade onto the griddle and spent the rest of the night sobbing uncontrollably. Maggie makes it look so easy, and her food is so gorgeous but I am just one man.

Wednesday afternoon saw coffee with some UC journalism students at one of ANU's cafés. It's not that UC is without coffee, but these students were writing a piece about how bad the ANU is (and why the chips on their shoulders are justified) and so wanted to spend some time at the ANU finding out how horrible ANU students really are. So we had coffee, and I realised that UC students are just as bad as ANU students. I was reminded of George Bernard Shaw's complaint of his daughter: that she had lost the art of conversation but not, unfortunately, the power of speech. The highpoint in our time together was when the barista, in efficiency gone wrong, vaguely aimed a two-litre bottle of milk at the stainless steel jug but in fact energetically poured the two litres all over the granite bench top. Luckily for the tight-arse who owns the joint, the barista managed to slop most of it off the bench top and back into the jug. The coffee was terrible.

On Wednesday evening I dined at one of Canberra's newest restaurants. It is quite a modest establishment; you would have trouble finding it if it were not for the massive plate glass windows and meant-to-look-expensive fit out. Like most establishments that pick a common noun for a name, its real value seemed to lie hidden from me the entire evening. I always assume that there is something special about restaurants that have lots of diners: in this case, perhaps the diners were 'special'. The food read well on the

menu (despite being peppered – sorry parsemé – with superfluous frenchisms) but as my dining companion opined: "I could have made this myself at home and it would have tasted better and wouldn't have cost me thirty dollars!" Mind you, she had by this stage made a solid effort at draining her own bottle of red wine. Sorry, vin rouge. Canberra is unique in the fact that most of its investment capital is either tied up in European-car dealerships or wanky restaurants and cafés. So – whether you plough \$60K into what would, in Germany, be a taxi; or spend \$35 on a main that your mum used to make every Tuesday – remember that without you spending that money, those who really run Canberra would

just find another way to fleece you of your occasionally hard-earned public service income.

Speaking of those who really run Canberra, one of my contacts in the industry tells me that a certain ACT Government minister has been taking kickbacks from cafés and restaurants that all the bitter ex-workers shrilly scream should have been shut down years ago. This contact suggests that the 'kickbacks' are usually large-for-regular-price café lattes and extra loyalty card stamps. Even in corruption Canberra cannot shake the pettiness of the public service. At least in Tasmania, when they're corrupt, they pay politicians to cross the floor, knock over independent inquiries and clear-fell the ancient forests.

After dinner I went for a drink to a place that has the ceiling of a struggling Financial Advisor's office. I was impressed by the officiousness of the staff: they really made it look like they had a lot to do. And I noticed that the

boss man was even more officious-looking. Perhaps he actually does have a job in the Australian Protective Service on the side, but I'm guessing it was just his own inflated sense of self-importance that led him to have an earpiece à la the United States Secret Service. I don't know what vital intelligence he was expecting during a quiet Wednesday evening in one of Canberra's eating strips, but he wasn't going to let himself be put off by the danger that he would look like a tool. And, for the record, that danger did manifest: he looked like a tool. I don't quite understand his choice of technologies: he works with an earpiece and yet invites, by way of the restaurant's card, reservations by fax. When was the last time anyone used a fax machine to do anything, let alone make a reservation at a restaurant? I'll bet the last time someone did that, Bondie was still



one of Hawkie's best mates and those clothes that 19 year olds are all wearing now were finding their way to the back of their own mothers' cupboards. Not only is there a fax number provided, but one is encouraged to fax from outside the country, by using the helpfully provided "+61" country code. So next time you want to book a reservation in Canberra, by fax, from, say, East Timor, you know which establishment has thought of this and provided you with all the information you need. The earpiece and fax machine felt further out of place amidst so many chaise lounges. In its defence, this establishment did not seem to encourage bartender-art (which is as impressive as froth-art is on your coffee) and so our drinks did not suffer the usual 15 minute delay while the bartender (or cocktail artiste) spun bottles pointlessly in many directions. I'd love it if the bartender could make my drink quickly, letting the bottles all pile up on the bar, and then once I'm drinking my drink, he or she can give me a 15 minute bottle-twirling show as he or she puts all the bottles back in their rightful places. THAT would be

barista. Italian noun:
1.wanker; 2.person with
uncontrollable caffeine
tremor.

something worth watching.

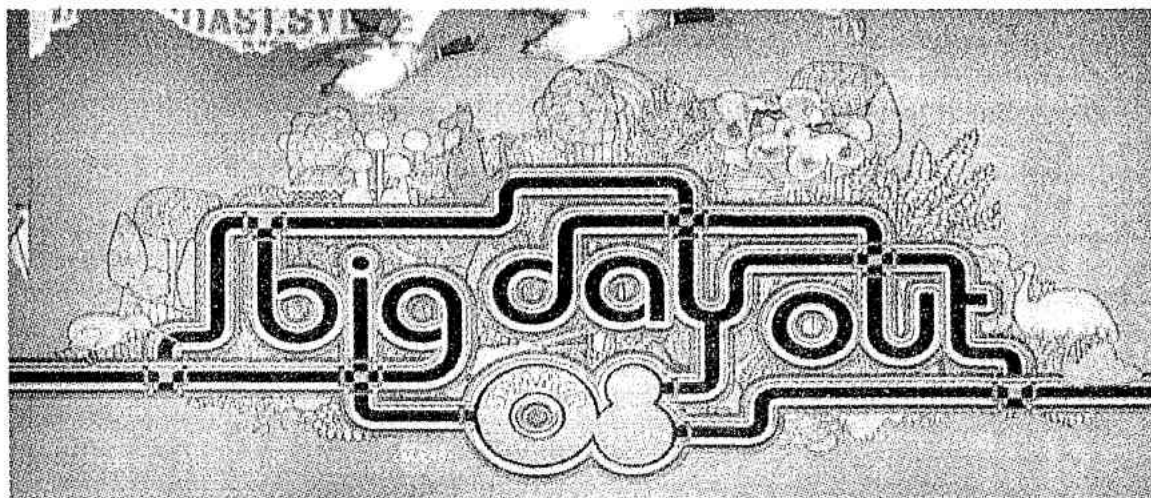
On Thursday night I stayed at home because I was sick of the world. When it was too late to leave the house I realised I was sick of myself, and the world seemed like a better focus of my attention than myself in solitude. I drank fifteen cups of green tea and watched my favourite mixed-video of Parliamentary Question Time. Then I made a resolution to have a really great summer.

Friday night passed in a daze: I bought a few bottles of sparkling red wine to 'celebrate' the end of a particularly usual week and managed to get most of it drunk within the first forty-five minutes. Then I think I went to a restaurant with an imperial sounding name (although I also have a feeling that it had a vaguely furniture-sounding name) with some very spend-y friends. I've heard that this restaurant is shit-hot, and all the politicians and journalists go there now that Laurie Oakes has put a hole in the floor of that other one they always used to go to. Anyway, I guess it was good but I seem to have spent most of the night reading the menu in frustration at the lack of frenchisms. All the dishes were in plain English, or explained competently by the staff; all of the dishes were available; the wine list was not made big just to look wanky;

nothing was too much trouble; and the décor did not remind one of Domayne, Ikea, Harvey Norman or Fantastic Furniture. In sum, this was a great restaurant! Perhaps it explains why it is (I understand) one of a select few to have expanded out of Canberra and not then been slaughtered by a lean and competent competition.

On Saturday night, as my week was nearly ending, I thought I'd see how much I could get done on Campus. It was a bit like the segment where A Current Affair goes shopping to see how much Australian-made clothing they can find, which is just another excuse to push their jingoistic barrow and show a woman without a bra (there are never any Australian-made bras...that they can find). Anyway, I started for dinner at UniLodge, where I was impressed by the size of the kitchen (if appalled by the size of everything else). We had two-minute noodles with a gourmet touch: we mixed two different seasonings. They were unlike any two-minute noodles I have ever eaten. I declined the offer of a glass of warm Riesling. I then continued to B&G where I helped a friend mix, cook and eat a packet cake – all in the one cake tin! It was very edible. Then we drank heaps of cask wine. We'll be talking about the wine for ages. I passed out near the medlabs after trying to get in to find out why people are always going there. They all say it's because the computers are really well distributed throughout the room, but I am suspicious. I heard that there is a thingummy on one of the computers that allows you to get on the ANU Security system and delete parking infringements. I woke some hours later and my phone was buzzing – I had forgotten my breakfast meeting with a friend! I raced across to John's and luckily my friend had been able to save me some cold toast and powdered scrambled eggs. She had powdered fried eggs with refried sausages, and we shared some Lime Cordial. It was vile. Then there was a big fight in the middle of the dining room. I think someone had suggested that someone else's Commerce Degree was not as good as theirs because they didn't wear the collar up on their John's Jersey.

My week of Canberra Food and Wine was a wonderful adventure. I was delighted to see how the recently-graduated punish the still-studying as they attend restaurants not as hospitality workers but as public servants. They would, however, do well to remember how they treated the food of arsehole customers when they were still hospitality workers. As for recommendations, as long as you attend Canberra's restaurants and cafés with low expectations, you won't be disappointed; always ask for translations of frenchisms; and it is always a good idea to calculate your own share of the bill on your mobile. Bon Appétit!



Summer brings a number of things to mind; the beach, Christmas, drunken relatives, and a well needed break from uni. But most of all it brings to mind frantically pressing the refresh button on your computer, in the hope that you'll get a ticket to your favourite music festival. This year Big Day Out sold out in record time, showing again that it is one of the hottest tickets in town. Now in its 17th year, Big Day Out 2008 promises to be a cracker! Selling out in an amazing 5 minutes for the second ticket release, BDO

2008 keeps its reputation for being Australia's biggest and longest running music festival. Running at 6 different venues throughout Australia and New Zealand, the festival will bring some of the hottest live acts to a major city near you.

With the lineup including the greatest band of all time (*Ed- uh...*) RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE this years festival promises to be one of the best yet, with acts also including: Icelandic siren BJORK, Indie rockers ARCADE FIRE, the very funky

LCD SOUNDSYSTEM, Aussie icons GRINSPORN, hip hop's one and only HILLTOP HOODS, the ageing BILLY BRAGG, PAUL KELLY, FAKER, the wonderful SARAH BLASKO, BATTLES, electro juggernauts the MIDNIGHT JUGGERNAUTS, SOMETHING WITH NUMBERS and New Zealand's CUT OFF YOUR HANDS.

As always, BDO offers something for everyone to enjoy. Aren't they great?



Falls Festival has a massive lineup this year, promising to be one of 2007's best festivals. The lineup includes:

Those sassy gals of the golden years, THE PIPETTES (UK); Brazilian baile-funksters BONDE DO ROLE (bon-jay-der-hole-ay) (Brazil); the stunning vocals of beguiling siblings, ANGUS AND JULIA STONE; the eloquent vocal stylings of CLARE BOWDITCH & THE FEEDING SET; melodic pop-rockers CUT OFF YOUR HANDS (NZ); arriving equipped with a bag full of up-beat, warm summer tunes for your festival delights, OLD MAN RIVER; the dynamic and captivating LIOR; evocative blues and roots artisan JEFF

LANG; boasting a new rockier edge, trio turned sextet THE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS; the dapper-suited pop-rock crooners LITTLE RED; the ever-so-perky, ping-pong playing OPERATOR PLEASE; punky-pop, melodic rock icons REGURGITATOR; Aussie hip-hop collective, THE HERD; and Tassie electro-wizz-kids THE SCIENTISTS OF MODERN MUSIC.

This rather exciting revelation completes the rather spiffy line-up of Kings of Leon, Groove Armada, The Pipettes, Paul Kelly, Bonde Do Rolê, Black Rebel Motorcycle Club, Midnight Juggernauts (*Ed - Hell yeah!*), The Waifs, Built To Spill, Gotye, José González, Angus and Julia Stone, Blackalicious,

The Go! Team, The Mess Hall, Girl Talk, Kev Carmody, Whiskey Go Go's, Neville Staple's Specials, Clare Bowditch and The Feeding Set, Sarah Blasko, Cut Off Your Hands, The Beautiful Girls, Magic Dirt, Old Man River, Operator Please, Lior, Jeff Lang, Little Red, Regurgitator, The Herd, The Scientists of Modern Music and Jackson Jackson (with more to be announced!). There'll also be a bunch of hilariously funny folk to keep the laughs-a-rollin'-in throughout the event at THE FALLS ARTS VILLAGE, alongside some very clever, talented, artistic troupes of performers.

If you were one of the lucky few to get a ticket, you're in for one hell of a ride!

Music.



Plug-In City Plug-In City

Let's go on a magical journey in a time machine back to 1999. Modular Records is an exclusive club: a bastion for quality and original music. After all, they are just about to release the The Avalanches' *Since I Left You*: an album that bucked and redefined musical trends. Fast forward to 2007, and Modular is less a small club and a bastion of taste than a mini-empire of retro-revival acts and fashionistas. Despite this, their bands do even better than before, and for a good reason: they can write songs. Despite Wolfmother being essentially a Sabbath/Zepplin tribute show, they managed to write at least 6 ridiculously to mildly catchy hits that all landed well inside the Hottest 100. Cut Copy would love to be New Order, but their take on the sound is creative and well directed. The Presets lyrics are ridiculously trite, yet to deny the monster of a riff that powers 'Are You the One' a place on the dance floor is criminal.

Now we come to Modular's newest signing Plug In City. There are a number of things about this band and their EP that I don't understand. First of all, Modular's aesthetic tastes have traditionally been unquestionable: The Avalanches album was beautifully presented; The Presets t-shirt has become a fashion icon. Why then present an album in a case that looks like it has been designed by a primary schooler on MS paint? Secondly, the music. Plug In City have managed to write the same song not once, but 5 times. If I could be bothered, I'm pretty sure I could mash all these songs into one giant-super song, and no-one would be the wiser. The song(s) sound like a flaccid rip off of the Rapture crossed with Robert Palmer, with a dash of the more boring aspects of Expatriate thrown in. The vocal lines are uninteresting and the lyrics themselves are throwaway: lines like "the strobe light flashin' on and on and on and on and on" drag on and on (and on).

These guys already sound tired, and they haven't even released an album. Plug in City have some serious work to do. Lets hope they at least LOOK cool so they can fit in at Modular. (0.5/5)

- Steven Pavlova.



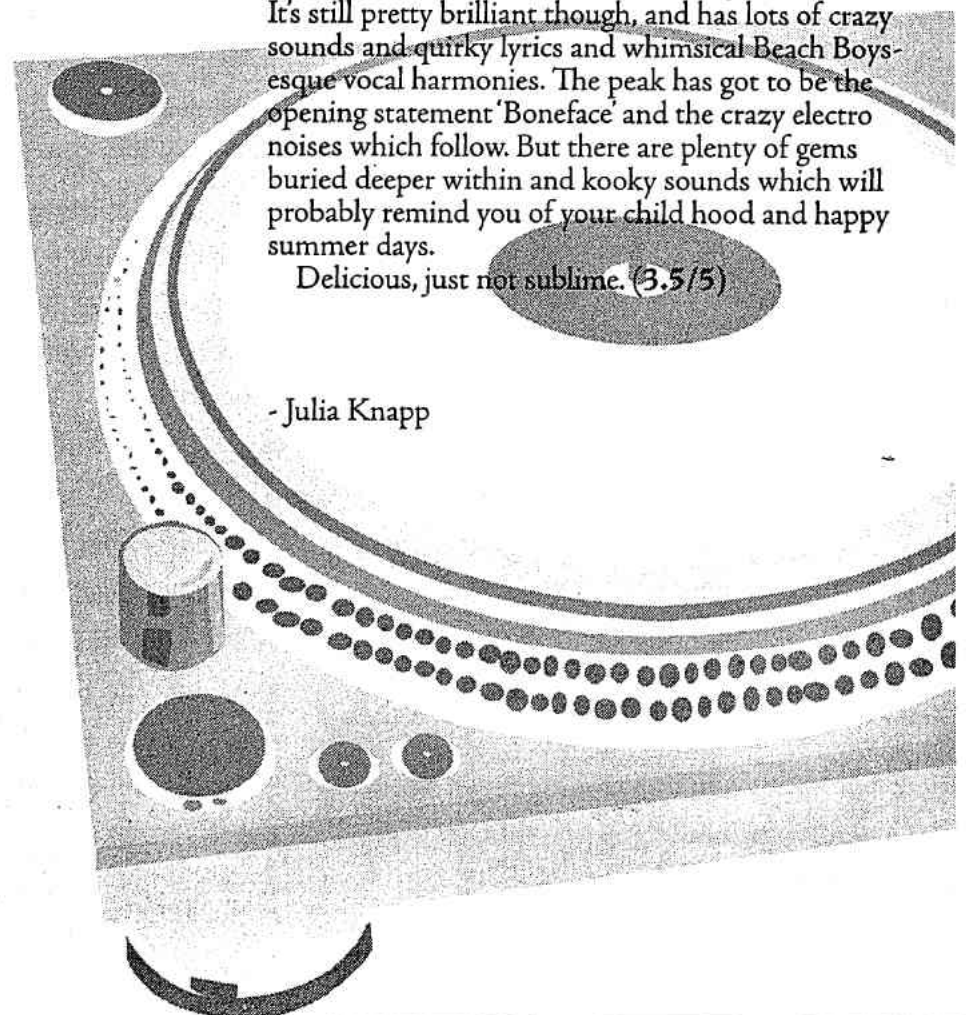
Animal Collective Strawberry Jam

Animal Collective's previous albums had loads of songs which really made me think about stuff. Like 'Winter's Love' off *Sung Tongs* made me fantasise about cosying up in bed to a cute indie boy while it rained outside when I was sixteen and dorky and no one liked me. 'The Purple Bottle' off *Feels* was pretty much written for me, 'cause I have a purple bedroom and sometimes spray perfume around it and frolic with delightful lovers. I mean, I pretty much became a woman to these songs... Anyway, if you've heard them, you'll know what I'm saying.

Strawberry Jam doesn't do it for me quite as much. It's still pretty brilliant though, and has lots of crazy sounds and quirky lyrics and whimsical Beach Boys-esque vocal harmonies. The peak has got to be the opening statement 'Boniface' and the crazy electro noises which follow. But there are plenty of gems buried deeper within and kooky sounds which will probably remind you of your childhood and happy summer days.

Delicious, just not sublime. (3.5/5)

- Julia Knapp



Radiohead

In Rainbows

I'd picked out my nominal contribution to the for now label-less band and clicked through the orderform. Spent a week with swarms of omgz crowding out my head, while the indie music press buzzing with hype, not least because of this brilliant marketing ploy -cum middle finger to the main man at the record companies. The download code comes by email when at school, and I have no choice but to nuke my quota. omgomgomg it's playing....

'15 Step' crunches open in strange, latinate beats. Rawness. Nearly Mars Voltaen sneering? Nearly 'Bodysnatchers' rocks the rawest we've heard from the band, tight drum fills and loose riffage. Well Pearl Jam. Then with no announcement, straight into a jazzy croon, wails and strings. Then a loungey meander descends darkly into wailing. More strings and foreboding darkness. A few cheesy lyrics amid the

surrealaty; Thom's going soppy? The production is tight and intricate at places, at others it's conspicuously raw. And it's not just the 160kbs bitrate. Rhythm takes the fore, surprisingly

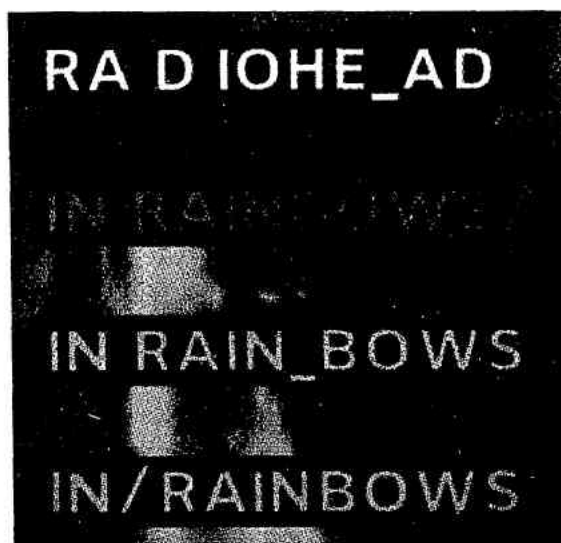
ing in awkward feedbacks. And in 10 tracks it's over.

There's a flavour of maturity, leaning on their talents, instruments and sincerity. Some electronic bitterness, but intentionally muted, classy. Rock based, but with all manner of influences and moods. An unassuming pastiche of their career? Lots of the songs have been around for a while, unofficial Bsides. This is no opus. But then it presents itself with no pretensions as such. Odd in its normality. Yet unmistakably Radiohead. Widest variety of sounds juxtaposed, but all somehow bound. Like a rainbow.

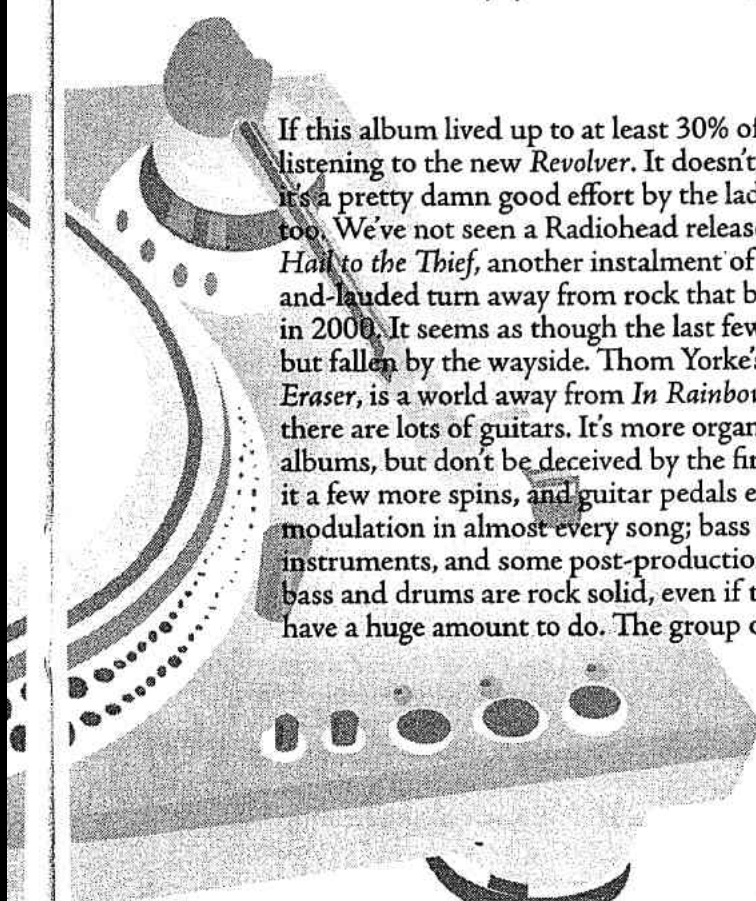
I'm biased to their *Kid A* craftsmanship; nevertheless, by the first listen through I know this is special. Second through fifth sequential listens make me sceptical: no, their era is over, now they're cleaning up. But just as I give up, I realise the sophisticated simplicity has already sunk in deep, alongside like their other cherished work.

No minds blown, but undeniably beautiful. (4/5)

- Tom Swann



simple but the whole band intergrated smoothly. Guitars allowed to twang between lush vocal backings. 'Reckoner' adorns a simple beat with delicate and melancholy melody. 'Videotape' builds austere on a sad piano riff, culminat-



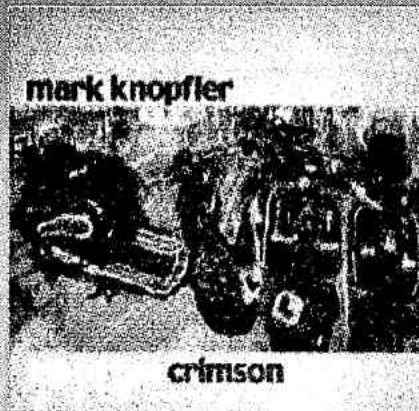
If this album lived up to at least 30% of its hype, I'd be listening to the new *Revolver*. It doesn't, and I'm not, but it's a pretty damn good effort by the lads, and about time, too. We've not seen a Radiohead release since 2004's *Hail to the Thief*, another instalment of their lamented-and-lauded turn away from rock that began with *Kid A* in 2000. It seems as though the last few albums have all but fallen by the wayside. Thom Yorke's solo effort, *The Eraser*, is a world away from *In Rainbows*. For starters, there are lots of guitars. It's more organic than previous albums, but don't be deceived by the first listen. Give it a few more spins, and guitar pedals emerge, voice modulation in almost every song; bass distortion, created instruments, and some post-production besides. The bass and drums are rock solid, even if the drums never have a huge amount to do. The group often considered

as individuals, really work as a unit. The sound is quite amazing. It's a bit like we've been invited to a concert in one of their lounges. (Lights down, curtains drawn, everyone being very quiet, even during the heavier moments: 'Bodysnatchers', 'Jigsaws Falling Into Place'). This is a fresh, interesting album from a confident and assured band.

There are two negative points to consider before you decide how much to spend on the digital version: one, that the songs get a bit samey towards the end of the album, and two, that there's not a lot going on here that hasn't been done before. Back to basics? Nope. There's more here. Well worth a listen, no matter what you paid for it. (4/5)

- Charles Prestidge-King

WORONIT



Mark Knopfler

Kill to Get Crimson

Any album with a song called 'Punish the Monkey' has to be worth a listen. Frowned upon by the RSPCA, or just a crude reference to masturbation? We may never know.

Subtleties aside, *Kill to Get Crimson* is not what you might have expected from the former Dire Straits front-man if you weren't familiar with his other solo work (of which there is a fairly substantial catalogue). Gone are the semi-compulsory 80s saxophone solos (save one), replaced with folksy accordions. Gone are the loud noises and pelvis thrusts, replaced with a crackling log fire and a story to be told with a tear in the eye. Knopfler's solo work has demonstrated his proficiency with the folk song, and *Crimson* is no exception, and the result is somewhere between Dire Straits' 'Telegraph Road' and Johnny Cash's last album, without the intimacy of the latter or the epic grandeur of the former.

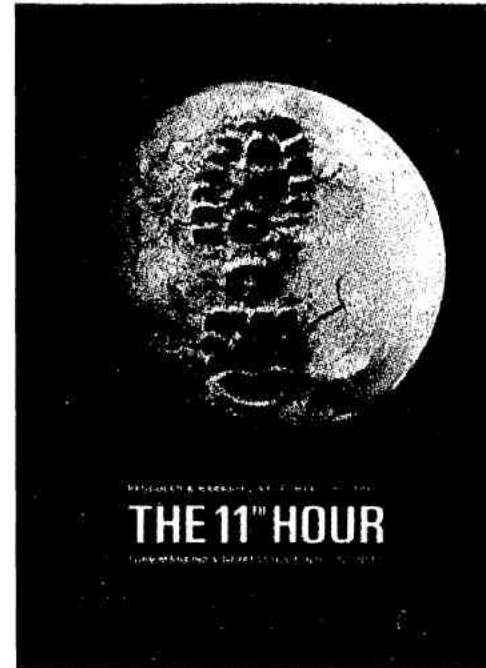
While it's definitely got a few good songs on it, ('Heart Full of Holes' and 'The Scaffolders Wife' are the stand-outs in terms of the whole folk thing) this album on the whole is just a bit boring. Sure, it's relaxing, and it makes nice background music for a study session with your favourite accounting text-book, but it's definitely not one you can simply listen to without falling asleep. It's not an album to rock out to, but for a mid-afternoon snooze it's perfect.

Maybe that's a bit harsh. No matter what anyone says about Mark Knopfler, the man can tell a story in a song, but this album's definitely not one for newcomers to the MK beat, and not one for those who like their music jaunty. But it does have a song called 'Punish the Monkey'...

- James Fisher

The 11th Hour

Jonathan Fisher
5/10



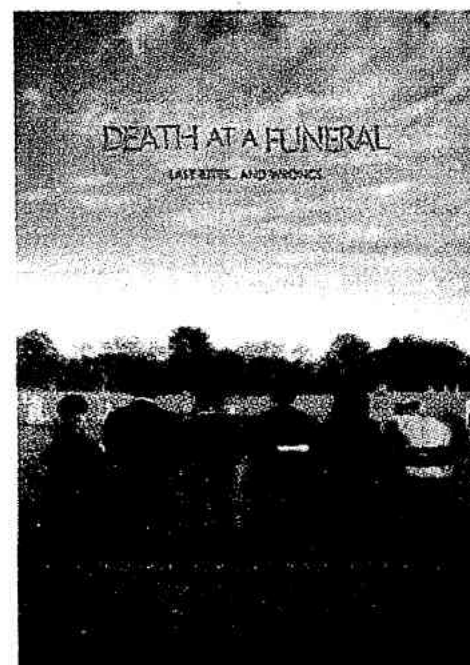
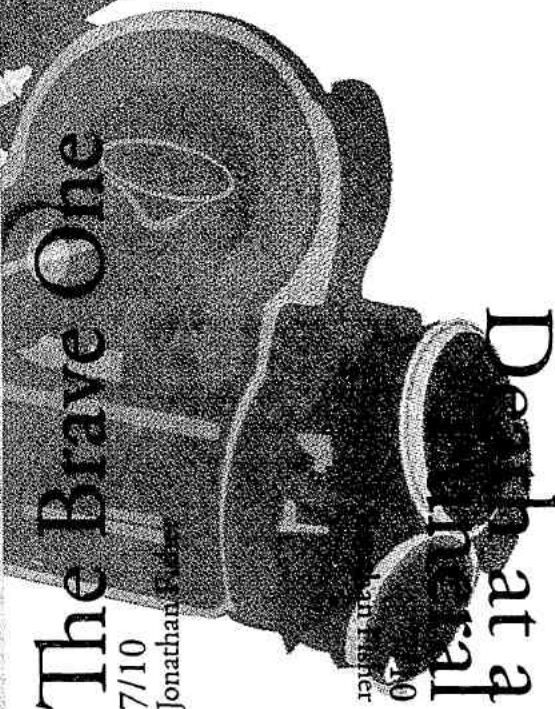
Leonardo Di Caprio narrates *The 11th Hour* like a kid making a school presentation. The message is an important one, that climate change is happening and we really need to make huge changes as a society to combat it blah blah blah. I agree with just about every sentiment in the film, apart from one which I'll get to in a bit, but the film overwhelms you with talking heads to the point of tedium.

Those damn talking heads. There are at least 50 climate change experts, and you just get lost trying to remember what everyone's name is. Sometimes what they say is interesting, but most of it we know already. If you don't know much about the climate change crisis, *The 11th Hour* won't stir you to act – watch Al Gore for that. Having said that, I was fascinated by and enjoyed David Suzuki and Stephen Hawking's contributions to the film.

One big mistake that *The 11th Hour* makes was also made by Al Gore's much better *An Inconvenient Truth* – attempting to correlate Hurricane Katrina with climate change. Hurricanes have always occurred frequently around that area, and New Orleans has always been vulnerable to a catastrophe like Katrina.

The movie just wore me down after a while. The archive footage is arbitrary, DiCaprio lacks charisma and authority as a host, and there are way too many talking heads to be effective. I think it would have been better if the crew just filmed David Suzuki and Stephen Hawking having a conversation.

Film



There have been plenty of vigilante films in the last few years (Man On Fire, Death Sentence, the Kill Bill films, even Batman Begins), but *The Brave One* is the first to really deal with the ethical and moral implications of a person so angry, so frustrated with society that they wage their own battle for justice. When Jodie Foster shoots a gun, we're not sure if we're rooting for her, or uncomfortable with her actions. It's a very special performance from her, one of the best of her career. And as it's Oscar season, it will surely be noticed.

Foster plays Erica, a New York radio personality who is engaged to David (Naveen Andrews, famous these days for playing Sayid in *Lost*). Walking their dog one night they're attacked. David is killed. Erica spends three weeks recovering in the hospital, and another period of time cowering in her apartment. Then she goes out and buys a gun, although we get the sense she's not sure what for. Protection? Revenge? It isn't long before she uses it, and then uses it again. The movie then introduces us to Detectives Mercer (Terrence Howard, very good) and Vitale (Nicky Katt), who realise they have a vigilante on the loose.

Perhaps the biggest strength of *The Brave One* is that it voices arguments for both sides. We can't help but get a guilty little kick of pleasure watching her cut a sexual predator down to size, but when the situations Erica places herself in turn deadly, she (and we) do a double take. It was directed by Neil Jordan, who also directed *The Crying Game* and *Interview with the Vampire* among others. Both of those are genre pictures that contain much more than we'd expect.

The Brave One would have been a better film with a different ending. It's an easy way out, and ties everything up a little too nicely. I have a feeling the studio pressured Neil Jordan into re-writing the ending, fearing that a downer would have reduced the box office numbers. Either way, it is a credit to the rest of the film that we're shocked when it, in its final minutes, doesn't take a chance in the same way that the rest of the film did.

British comedy is a hell of a thing. It usually comes down to this – if you buy into the style, you go with the flow and laugh. If not, you probably think it's the worst humour on the planet. Think about it – there only seem to be people who love *The Office* fanatically, and those who think that Ricky Gervais should embarrass his way right back to obscurity.

Death at a Funeral is like that. Its humour is built on the age-old convention that the worst time to laugh is usually when you absolutely shouldn't, like at a funeral. I saw it a couple of months ago at the Sydney Film Festival, where it was met with raucous laughter. Everyone loved it. Then there were people like the American critic Richard Roeper who said it's the most self-congratulatory and precious movie of the year. If you find the idea of a family man having a homosexual affair with a little person (I don't think we're allowed to say "midget" anymore) funny, then go see *Death at a Funeral*.

Well, I liked it. Matthew MacFadyen (Mr. Darcy from last year's *Pride and Prejudice*) tries to keep a straight face as Murphy's Law overruns his father's funeral. Alan Tudyk plays a nervous wreck who accidentally takes hallucinogenic drugs. The movie's biggest laughs concern Peter Dinklage (the go-to guy for little person roles in the movies these days) as an uninvited guest with some intimate ties to the deceased.

I've done my job as a critic, I think. I've described the movie and how I reacted to it for you. I think if you've read this far into the review, you probably know how you'd react to it. So my tip is, go see it. If you hate it, you can always rent *Fawlty Towers*.

WORONI

What's On

ANU Writers are proud to announce the launch of **BLOCK #5**, a journal of new poetry, prose and artwork. The launch will be held in the AD Hope Conference Room at 6pm on Wed Nov 7. Come along to hear some of the readings from students and other Canberra poets. Food and wine provided.

Vintage Costumes: October 12 2007 – February 17 2008, Canberra Museum and Gallery, free.

Stonefest (featuring The Waifs, Paul Kelly, TV Rock, Aquasky, Belles Will Ring, Expatriate, Butterfingers, Chris Haskett, Cut Copy, Scribe, The Mint Chicks, Young & Restless and more): October 26-27, University of Canberra, \$56.

Archie Roach: October 27,

Tilley's, \$49.

John Butler Trio: October 29, University of Canberra, \$51.50-\$52.

Indigo Girls: October 29, Canberra Theatre, \$79.90.

Damien Leith: November 2, Canberra Theatre, \$66-\$77.

James Blundell: November 2, Vikings Erindale, \$22.

Australian Chamber Orchestra – Rapture: November 3, Canberra Theatre, \$28-\$69.

The Angels: November 8, The Venue, \$20.

Boomtown Showdown (featuring The Getaway Plan, In Fiction, The Amity Affliction and Elora Danan):

November 9, Jamison Inn, \$15.

Mia Dyson: November 8 and 10, Tilley's, \$30.

Xavier Rudd: November 11, Canberra Theatre, \$49.

Trackside (featuring The Hilltop Hoods, The Butterfly Effect, Gotye, Kisschasy, Clare Bowditch, Behind Crimson Eyes, The Cops, Koolism, Something With Numbers, Young & Restless, Dardanelles, Soft Tigers, Horsell Common, The Basics and more): November 17, Thoroughbred Park, \$75.

James Morrison: November 21, Canberra Theatre, \$70-\$80.

Cog: November 22, University of Canberra, \$31.

Groovin The Moo (featuring

Grinspoon, Sneaky Sound System, Xavier Rudd, Midnight Jugernauts, Blue King Brown, Airbourne, Clare Bowditch and The Feeding Set, Kid Confucius, Mia Dyson, The Bamboos, Mammal, Horsell Common and more): November 24, Albury Racecourse, \$79.

Elton John: November 30, Stage 88, \$96-\$340.

Foreshore Summer Music Festival: December 1, Commonwealth Place, \$75.

Bjorn Again 18th Anniversary Tour: March 8 2008, Canberra Theatre, \$41.50



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University is Wonderful

Thanks for having us.

(continued from p.40) copious quantities of marijuana. Instead of creating a psychological barrier to the ingestion of food, it created a need to devour constantly. In the absence of food, they said, I had turned my munchies on my fellow students. But I knew. I knew their dirty little secret. Once the war on Iraq started, it all drifted quietly into the background. After two or three years of 'psychiatric evaluation', it had drifted far enough that it was safe to let me out. But I knew...

Once the chomping had started, it looked like it would never stop. Zombification spread through the class like the assessment guideline at the beginning of term: up one side and down the other. I was caught in the middle, and it wasn't long before there were only half a dozen of us huddling together, desperately clubbing at our attackers with the largest text-books we could find. There's not much that you can't stop with a good swing of "Companies and Securities Law: Cases and Commentary".

I turned to the girl next to me, whom I'd been covertly coveting for the last couple of weeks. She didn't often wear many clothes, which made her ideally suited to the role of B-movie horror heroine. It also provoked the thought that there were much better ways to die than partial-consumption-by-peer-group. She looked at me, with one eyebrow raised and one eyebrow frowning. I frothed with jealousy, never having been able to manage that particular trick of facial dexterity without sticky tape or Botox, no matter how long and hard I practiced in front of a mirror.

I gave a swing of "Corporations" and took out a little international student zombie who had snuck up behind her, with a satisfying noise of snapping vertebrae. A much bigger zombie, formerly of the four-meat-pies-for-morning-tea school of eating, blubbered to the forefront, but Gloria deftly stabbed her pincer into his eye, wiggled it about a bit, and turned back to me: his massive, purple corpse provided a sufficient barrier for the moment.

"So baby, how about it?"

She looked at me with a cheeky glimmer in her eye, kissed me full on the mouth, pressing her ample and half-naked bosom against the sinewy muscles of my chest, and said "Honey, if you can get me out of this theatre without my becoming a zombie in four hours..."

I suddenly felt a wave of... intoxicating

testosterone. I ripped the sleeves off my shirt, exposing my somewhat disappointing biceps, and let out a blood curdling scream of rage. Gloria looked like she would swoon at the sight of my raw, untempered masculinity, but I swept her up in my powerful arms and looked her in those beautiful, sparkling green eyes. There was only one way out of this sticky situation, and that was through a full-length montage of blood splatters, gaping mouths, groans of pain and karate-kid screams of kung-fu fury. I kissed her again, slung her over my shoulder, and got the fuck out of the Manning Clark.

* * *

Two fingers, thirty six zombies, a bottle of vodka, thirteen minutes and forty-three seconds later, I stood, soaked head-to-toe in blood, brains and vomit, on the roof of the Chifley Library, holding nothing but a splintered squash racquet in one hand, and Gloria in the other.

I'd lost the two little fingers on my left hand to a particularly persistent mature-aged zombie. But I'd fixed his wagon good: fulfilling the dreams of every student under the age of 25, I'd crushed his irritating, crinkly middle-aged zombie face, over-active zombie vocal chords, and perpetually raised zombie right hand under an empty keg of Carlton out the back of the beer garden. I'd started by hitting him with the text-book, as had sufficed for so many of my undead peers, but half way through, he'd grabbed hold of my hand with his teeth, the bastard.

As he started chomping, he started whining that they didn't whack zombies that way when he was in the public service. In my rage I'd seized the nearest heavy object and kept pounding until there was nothing left but a bloody, quivering pulp. That'd teach him to do more reading than me. Afraid of becoming a mature-aged student myself, I smashed the sliding door of the bar and used the jagged glass to cut the infected digits free of the healthy flesh. Maybe if I was lucky, I'd be able to find pinky-sized chainsaws to replace them.

Once we'd battered our way to the library, we'd faced an onslaught more deadly than any other. Unfortunately, I'd destroyed most of the reserve collection and half of the third floor before we realised we were not being

assaulted by zombies, but librarians. I dragged Gloria away from facebook, paid off my late fees and promised to stop talking on my mobile phone in the quiet study area if they showed us to the roof top. Finally safe, we counted our limbs and took stock of the situation. Six of us had made it out alive: Myself and Gloria, along with Hiro (a Japanese exchange student who for some reason had been carrying two real, full-sized katana in his backpack), Sarah (Gloria's buxom friend from our finance class), Cecil (a three-foot, heavily armed, slightly insane Scotsman), Shady Pete (the burly, well-informed Union barman). We stood together on the roof, surveying the terrible carnage in Union Court below us.

Gallant, destructive and effective though it had been, our escape had only drawn more attention to us. Literally thousands of zombies seemed to be swarming towards the library, like water swirling around and around in a massive, undead toilet bowl. Clearly all of Acton had been overwhelmed by the zombie menace: in Union Court, thirty or more naked college zombies tottered drunkenly around, climbing on each other's shoulders; legal zombies from the magistrate's court munched on one another's brains through their wigs and gowns; public service zombies abandoned all pretence of legitimate purpose and staggered blindly about wrapping people up in their own intestines (just as they had always wanted to when they were alive); construction zombies waved their tools about aimlessly and groaned lewdly at passing girl zombies "Show us yer braaaains..." (just as they had when they were alive).

Above it all, Gloria and I watched with growing panic. How far had this spread? Was there anywhere to run? What were we to do? There was only so long we could last up here, with only a hastily snatched plate of wedges and a schooner of Squire's apiece to sustain us. If we were going to survive this mess, we were definitely going to need more beer. I borrowed Hiro's katana and Cecil's pump-action shotgun, gave Gloria a passionate kiss, and went to the bar...

WORON

Brainspotting

A slightly longer story by
JAMES FISHER



I could hear the squeak of their blood-stained Dunlop Volleys on the refectory floor. I could smell their foul breath drifting through Union Court. I could feel the merciless chill of death creeping through the Manning Clark building. I didn't have time to wonder how, or why. Those questions of mundane science paled into insignificance when compared to the grim reality of thousands of undead students roaming the corridors of the university like so many strung out brain-junkies, desperately hoping for that last sweet hit of cerebral cortex.

Everyone thought it was a joke at first: a few smacked-up John's kids playing a convincing, if slightly deranged, practical joke; a couple of drunken finance students scoring a few extra points for the scav hunt by obtaining their lecturers' brain. Now, finance lecturers aren't the kind of people who would put up with having their brains eaten if they don't have a cut of the prize money and aren't aware of the risks, so they didn't think there was any kind of serious danger posed by the shambling horror that strolled up, bit the top off Dr Smiggins' skull and reached in for the juicy, juicy brains within, like a psychopathic preschooler with a meaty kinder surprise. But not me. I knew the dreadful truth.

They laughed when he cried out "Oh dear God, help me, gurgle... please, help me... splutter... aaaaaaargh". They snorted whatever they were drinking through their noses when he collapsed on the floor in a pool of his own fluids. They reached for a needle and thread to stitch up their splitting sides when I stood up and screamed "I told you it would happen! I told you this day would come! Damn you all, why wouldn't you heed my dire warnings of apocalyptic destruction!" It was only when he rose a moment later, eyes glazed over, tongue lolling out, something nasty leaking out of his pants, unashamedly shambled up to the cute blonde girl in the front row and began to feast upon her vital organs that they wiped the hysteria from their eyes and realised that something was amiss. I kicked myself for not being better prepared. As I had so knowledgeably screamed, I'd known this day was coming for months. I'd known it was coming and failed to stop it... ever

since those "voluntary" experiments they had conducted on me in the new Medical School, all those years ago...

FLASHBACK? FUCK YEAH!

In the name of crop research, they created a genetically modified strain of wheat that didn't need water to survive. In fact, it thrived without it. Once the plant had died from a lack of moisture, it was sprayed with a pheromone extracted from the mysterious Galapagos Corpse Beetle. The plant kept growing, and produced more grain than a traditionally grown crop had ever been known to, even under perfect conditions.

They pulled in seven "volunteers" for a tasting trial of the flour in meat-pie pastry. We'd been put in a simulated social environment and told to eat naturally, as though we were in the beer garden or the refectory. They'd given us beer and wedges to complete the experience. Luckily, I'd been taught never to turn down a free drink, and I decided to have a schooner before I ate. The others weren't so lucky, and within 30 seconds of the first bite, four of them had started eating the other two. At this point I smacked my head something nasty and woke up two days afterwards in the high-security wing of a psychiatric hospital.

It was on the front page, of course: "He's got the munchies: Six killed by stoned psycho in ANU honours thesis disaster" The papers said that I had suffered from an acute form of schizophrenic inverse-anorexia, aggravated by the consumption of

Continued on inside back cover...

